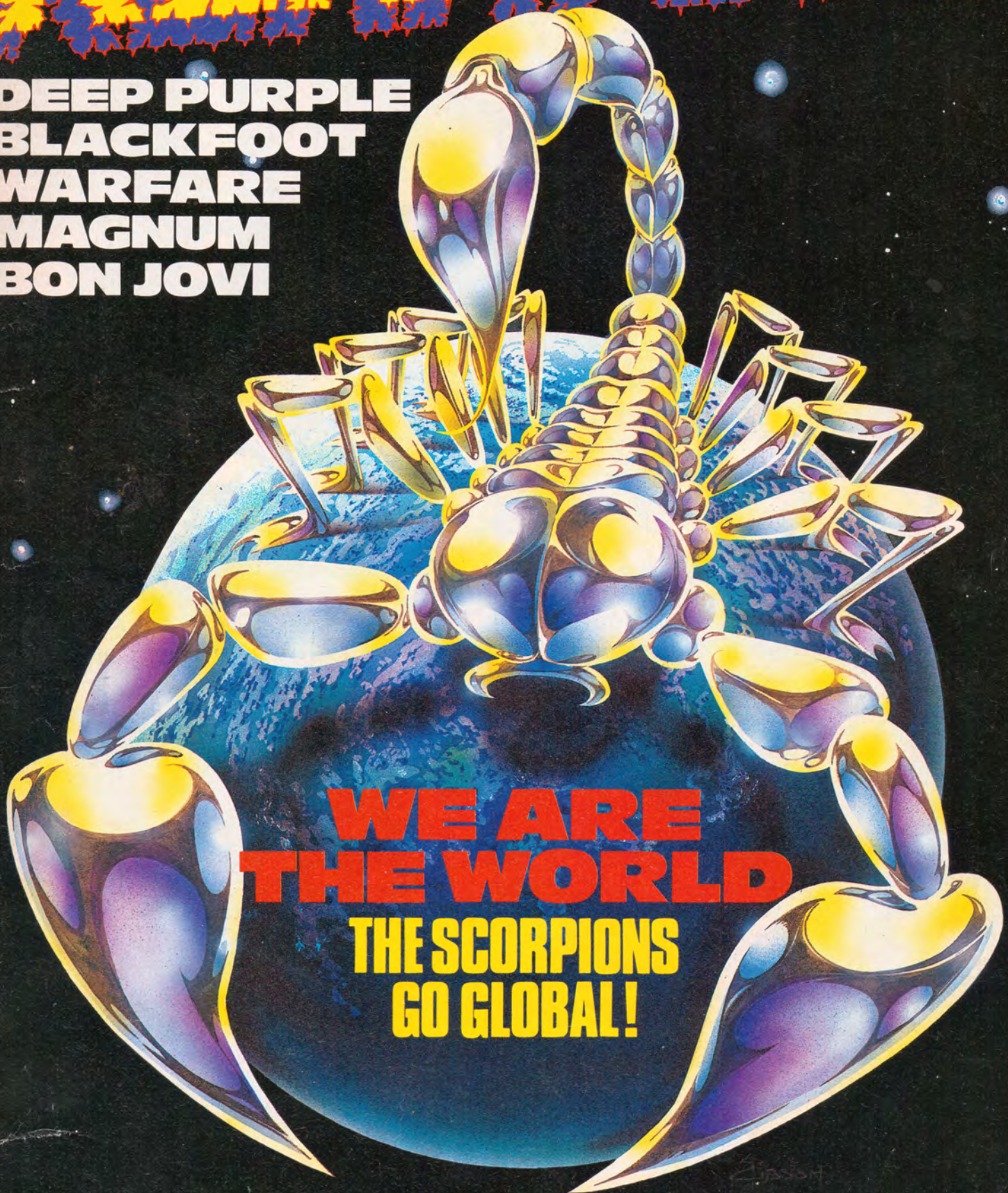
MARILLION-RATT-WAYSTED-ROBERT PLANT LP REVIEWS

June 13-26 No 96 80p

KERRANG!

DEEP PURPLE
BLACKFOOT
WARFARE
MAGNUM
BON JOVI

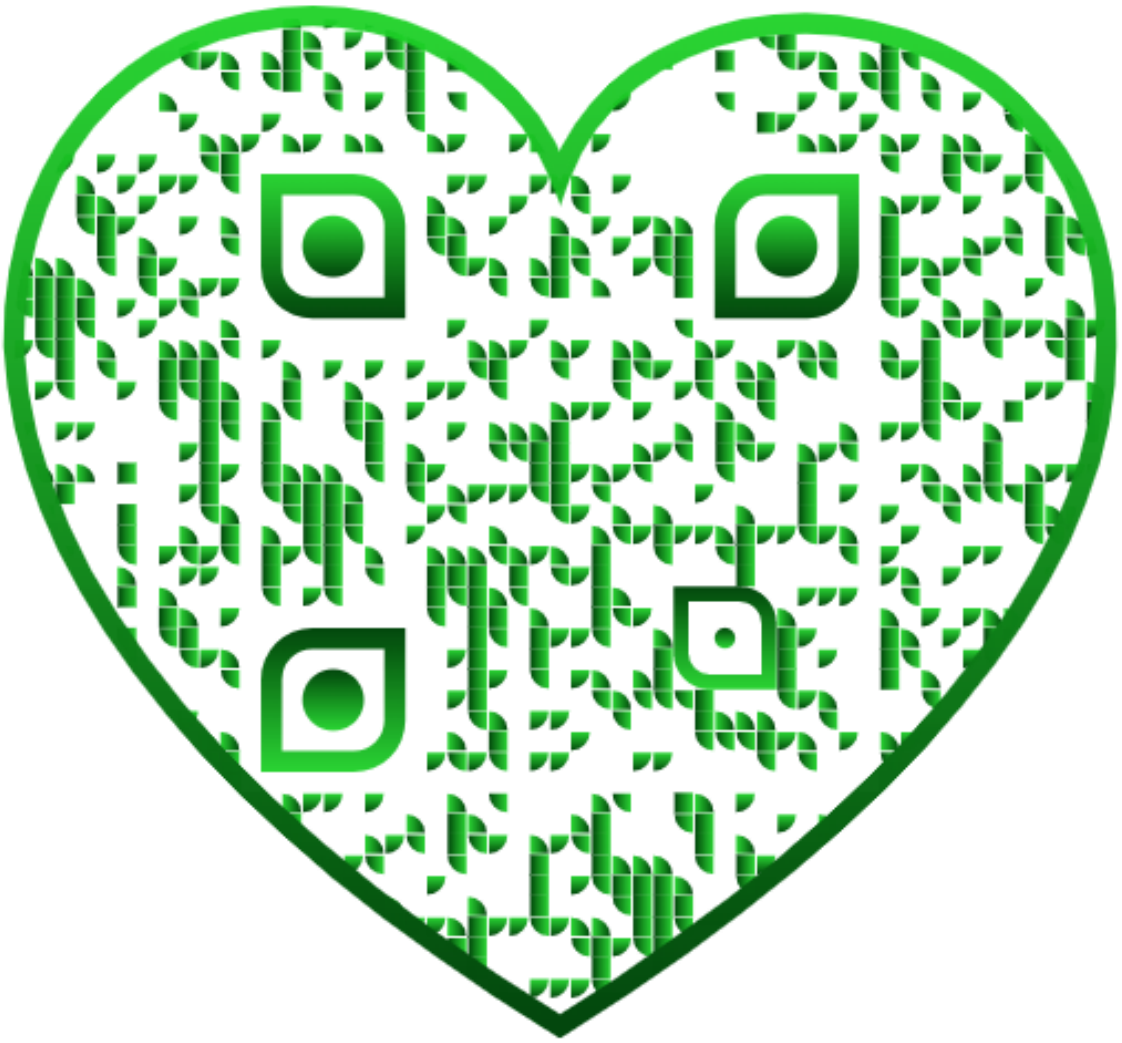


WE ARE THE WORLD

THE SCORPIONS GO GLOBAL!

Illustration IAN GIBSON

WIN THE RAVEN GUITAR



Pic George Bodnar

UFO LINE-UP

■ THE FULL line-up of bands for the **Knebworth Fayre** on June 22 has now been confirmed. Joining headliners **Deep Purple** will be the **Scorpions**, **Meat Loaf**, **UFO**, **Blackfoot**, **Mama's Boys**, and **Alaska**. A seventh act might be added, however at the time of going to press this remained to be confirmed.

The show will mark the British debut of the new UFO line-up (pictured above). The band have just replaced drummer **Robbie France** with former **Magnum** member **Jim Simpson** (above, extreme right). Following their appearance, UFO are likely to begin work on a studio album for release through *Chrysalis* later this year. As yet, no producer has been confirmed for the project.

Blackfoot are presently touring the US, co-headlining dates with **Molly Hatchet**. They will precede their projected hour-long set at the Knebworth Fayre with dates in Ireland and Finland during mid-June. And there's a possibility that a live appearance will be confirmed for Germany later this month.

Commenting on their intentions for Knebworth, Blackfoot guitarist/vocalist **Rickie Medlocke** (below) said: "we're looking forward to this and are comin' over with full pistols!"

Later this Summer, the quintet (now featuring former Axe guitarist **Bobby Barth**, who replaced keyboardsman **Ken Hensley** earlier this year) will start work on their next studio album. As yet, no producer has been hired for the job and 'Foot are presently writing/demoing material for the LP which, according to Medlocke, will follow a more straightahead direction than their most recent brace of *Atco* releases, *viz* 'Siogo' and 'Vertical Smiles'. As for the title of the opus? "Well our working one might be . . . '**Xavier, You're A Dead Man**', ha ha!"

In the meantime, various members of Blackfoot are also guesting on Barth's solo album, presently being put together for the *Atco* label. And a full UK tour might well follow in the Autumn.

For further details on the Knebworth Fayre, see the centre spread of this issue.

MALCOLM DOME

Pic Robert Ellis

■ **WRATHCHILD** ARE presently involved in two separate legal battles with their UK label, *Heavy Metal Records*.

The company are currently suing the Midlands quartet for damages, claiming that the band have refused to begin work on a follow-up release to last year's 'Stakk Attakk' album as stated in their contract.

This action by *HMR* seems to have been precipitated because, they allege, the band have been negotiating a world-wide label deal with *RCA* whilst still legally bound to the Wolverhampton-based organisation.

"It seems that last year when *Heavy Metal Records* were talking to *RCA*'s New York office about the possibility of licensing Wrathchild product to them for US release, the band and their manager, **Peter Morticelli**, were going behind our backs and trying to get a direct contract themselves with the same company despite being signed to us," explained a spokesman for *Heavy Metal*.

However Morticelli, who also handles affairs for **Icon** and **Duke Jupiter**, denies that any such under-the-table talks ever took place between Wrathchild and *RCA*.

"It's true that *RCA* were interested in the idea of doing a deal directly with the band, but they couldn't even begin to put anything into effect because of the existing contract with *Heavy Metal*."

Morticelli has now, though, issued a counter-writ against *HMR* in an attempt to get Wrathchild's contract declared null and void in the British courts.

All this means that it's unlikely Wrathchild will be in a position either to record or tour for some while.

■ IN THE wake of the recent soccer disaster during the European Cup Final between Liverpool and Juventus in Brussels, a number of top rock stars have recorded a single, the proceeds from which will go to the families of the 38 people who died during the riot.

The song, **'Little Caesars'**, was co-written by **Frank Eysen**, members of the **Scorpions** and another German band called **Jump**. It was recently recorded at the Roundhouse Studios in London under the production guidance of Eysen, **Dieter Dierks** and **Eddie Kramer**. Among those musicians who took part were members of **Slade**, **Motörhead**, **Rock Goddess**, **Uriah Heep** and the Scorpions plus **Glenn Hughes**, **John Sykes**, **Neil Murray**, **Don Airey** and **Robin George**.

As yet, no label deal or release date has been confirmed for the record.

■ *BRONZE* ISSUE the concept album **'Phenomena'** on June 21. Eight of the songs were written, arranged and produced by **Tom Galley** and the full track listing is:

Side One: **'Kiss Of Fire'**, **'Still The Night'**, (co-written by **Glenn Hughes/Pat Thrall**), **'Dance With The Devil'** and **'Phoenix Rising'**.

Side Two: **'Believe'**, **'Who's Watching You'**, **'Hell On Wings'**, **'Twilight Zone – A Story'** and **'Phenomena'**.

Among the guest musicians featured on the LP are lead vocalist **Glenn Hughes**, drummers **Cozy Powell/Ted McKenna**, guitarists **Mel Galley/John Thomas (Budgie)**, bassist **Neil Murray**, keyboardsmen **Don Airey/Richard Bailey** and the **Midlands Boys Choir**.

The storyline concerns the development by top scientist **Professor Limit**, with the aid of advanced computer technology, of a formula that enables the human brain to transmit and absorb telepathic energy. Using his supposed nine-year-old daughter **Lucy**, the Professor displays his machine's capabilities to a government official, **Frame**, killing himself in the process and endangering Lucy's life as she falls into a coma from which the girl can only be revived if her *real* father, **Chasen** (a former research assistant to Limit), enters the computer system, facing its multi-dimensional terrors.

A series of paintings has also been commissioned from artist **Ian Lowe** for the album's packaging, each illustrating the plot from one of the songs.

KERRANG! *PRODUCT NEWS*

■ *THE* **'KERRANG!** ***KOMPILATION'*** *album and video will now be in the shops from June 24 onwards and not June 10 as previously mentioned. The 20-track video, complete with full hi-fi stereo sound, will retail for £19.99 and the 24-track double album, housed in a gatefold sleeve containing full colour photos of all the acts featured, for £6.99. The track-listing of the album is as follows:*

Side One: ***'Aces High' – Iron Maiden, 'Heaven's On Fire' – Kiss, 'Slow An' Easy' – Whitesnake, 'All Men Play On 10' – Manowar, 'Rock You Like A Hurricane' – Scorpions*** *and* ***'Gimme Gimme Good Lovin''*** *(live version, otherwise unavailable) –* ***Helix.***

Side Two: ***'L.O.V.E Machine' – W.A.S.P., 'Break Down The Walls' – Stone Fury, 'Victims Of The Future' – Gary Moore, 'Runaway' – Bon Jovi (Jon Bon Jovi*** *pictured above),* ***'God Blessed Video' – Alcatrazz*** *and* ***'Sailor To A Siren' – Meat Loaf.***

Side Three: ***'The Right To Rock' – Keel, 'Follow Your Heart' – Triumph, 'Wild On The Run' – Tobruk, 'Assassing'*** *(7" single version) –* ***Marillion, 'Fighting For The Earth' – Warrior*** *and* ***'Heartline'*** *(12" Dangerous Mix version) –* ***Robin George.***

Side Four: ***'Rebel Yell' – Billy Idol, 'Don't Tell Mama' – Mama's Boys, 'Take Hold Of The Flame' – Queensrÿche, 'Can U Deliver' – Armored Saint, 'Ballroom Blitz' – Krokus*** *and* ***'High In High School' – Madam X.***

MOORE TOUR

■ ***GARY MOORE*** *(below) will be playing the following shows during September/October: Glasgow Barrowlands September 14, Edinburgh Playhouse 15, Newcastle City Hall 16, Bradford St. George's Hall 18, Cardiff St. David's Hall 19, Birmingham Odeon 20, Blackburn King George's Hall 22, Manchester Apollo 23, Sheffield City Hall 24, Ipswich Gaumont 26, London Hammersmith Odeon 27/28, Leicester De Montfort Hall 30, Bristol Colston Hall October 1, Oxford Apollo 2.*

All tickets are priced at £5.50/£5, except at the Hammersmith Odeon where they are £6.50/£5.50. Moore's band will feature ***Glenn Hughes*** *(bass/lead vocals),* ***Neil Carter*** *(keyboards/guitar) and* ***Gary Ferguson*** *(drums – previously with* ***Eddie Money****).*

Moore will be issuing a new studio album during September on the 10 Records *label. As yet untitled, it's being produced by a number of top names including* ***Peter Collins, Andy Johns*** *and* ***Asia*** *keyboardsman* ***Geoff Downes.***

■ **AC/DC** ISSUE their latest studio album through the *Atlantic* label on June 28. Titled **'Fly On The Wall'**, it was produced by **Angus & Malcolm Young** and engineered by **Mark Dearnley** in Montreux. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Fly On The Wall'**, **'Shake Your Foundations'**, **'First Blood'**, **'Danger'** and **'Sink The Pink'**.

Side Two: **'Playing With Girls'**, **'Stand Up'**, **'Hell Or High Water'**, **'Back In Business'** and **'Send For the Man'**.

■ THE FINAL BILL has been confirmed for 'The Longest Day' festival on June 22 at Milton Keynes Bowl. Joining the previously announced **U2**, **REM** and the **Ramones** are **Billy Bragg**, **Spear of Destiny** and the **Faith Brothers**. Doors open at 12 noon, with the opening act, the Faith Brothers, taking to the stage at 12.30 pm.

■ **HANOI ROCKS** were forced to pull out of their scheduled appearance on *Channel 4*'s **'ECT'** on May 24 because they've still not found a suitable replacement for recently departed bassist **Sammy Yaffa**.

■ FURTHER TO our story in *Mayhem* last issue, the title of **Chrome Molly**'s forthcoming four-track 12" single on the *Powerstation* label is **'Take It Or Leave It'** and *not* 'The Hour Of Thunder'.

■ **BLACK 'N BLUE** have just completed work on their second album with producer **Bruce Fairbairn**/engineer **Bob Rock** at Little Mountain Studios in Vancouver. Tentatively titled **'Swing Town'**, it's likely to be issued on the *Geffen* label in the US during late July/early August.

■ FORMER **RENAISSANCE** bassist **Jon Camp** has joined **Robin George & Dangerous Music**. He replaces **Phil Soussan**.

■ **AIRRACE** HAVE now split up due to 'personal differences'. It's expected, though, that bassist **Toby Sadler**, keyboardsman **Mark Venables** and vocalist **Keith Murrell** will continue to work together under a new monicker.

■ **GTO**, A five-piece band featuring guitarists **Steve Howe** and **Steve Hackett** (formerly with **Yes/Asia** and **Genesis**, respectively) plus ex-**Nightwing/Bronz** vocalist **Max Bacon**, begin work imminently on their debut album for the *Geffen* label. It's expected to be produced by Asia keyboardsman **Geoff Downes**.

■ **THE TYGERS OF PAN TANG** have replaced bassist **Paul Irwin** with **Dave Donaldson**.

■ **BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN** has just issued a new single on the *CBS* label. Available in both seven inch and 12" formats both feature **'I'm On Fire'** and **'Born In The USA'**. The latter also contains unreleased versions of **'Rosalita'** and **'Johnny Bye Bye'**. The seven inch version also boasts a limited edition competition, the prizes for which are tickets for one of Springsteen's three shows at **London's Wembley Stadium** on July 3/4/6.

■ **THE TYGERS OF PAN TANG** issue their latest album, **'The Wreck-age'**, through *Music For Nations* on July 5. For full details, see *Mayhem* issue 90

■ **SHY** ISSUE a new single through *RCA* on June 21. Available in both seven inch and 12" formats, both feature **'Reflections'** on the A-side with **'The Hunter'** on the flip, two songs from the 'Brave The Storm' album. The latter also contains **'Deep Water'**, taken from the band's debut LP, 'Once Bitten, Twice Shy'.

■ LOS ANGELES quintet **Malice** issue their debut album through the *Atlantic* label in the US during mid-July. Titled **'In The Beginning'** it was produced by **Ashley Howe**/mixed by **Michael Wagener**.

■ **ROBIN TROWER** issues his latest album, **'Beyond The Mist'**, through *Music For Nations* on June 21. Co-produced by Trower with **Steve Forward** it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'The Last Time'**, **'Keeping A Secret'**, **'The Voice'** and **'Beyond The Mist'**.

Side Two: **'Time Is Short'**, **'Back It Up'** and **'Bridge Of Sighs'**.

The second side was recorded live at London's Marquee Club In March.

■ **FIONA** HAS just issued her debut, self-titled album on the *Atlantic* label in the UK. For review, see issue 91.

■ ***JOHN WAITE*** *(above) has just finished work on his new album at Clintons Studio in New York. As yet untitled, the LP (which is being co-produced by Waite with* **Stephan Gelas***) should be issued on the* EMI America *label in the US during mid-July. At present, no UK release date has been fixed.*

Waite will be touring throughout the Summer in America, supported by New Jersey act **Surgin,** *who will also be putting out an album on the* EMI America *label in the near future. His touring outfit will comprise* **Frankie La Rocca** *(drums),* **Tommy Mandell** *(keyboards),* **Joey Vasta** *(bass – previously with* **Billy Idol***) and* **John McCurry** *(lead guitar – formerly with* **Cyndi Lauper***).*

■ **YNGWIE MALMSTEEN** has just put out a three-track 12" single on the *Polydor* label. The A-side features **'See The Light Tonight'**, whilst the flip contains live versions of **'Far Beyond The Sun'** and **'I'm A Viking'**. The Swedish guitarist is expected to release his latest studio album during the Summer.

■ *MUSIC FOR NATIONS* issue the **'Strictly For Connoisseurs'** double album compilation on June 25. For full details see *Kutz Newz* issue 93.

■ **TAXXI** have just issued their latest album on the *MCA* label in the USA. Titled **'Exposé'** it was produced by **John Ryan**. As yet, no UK release date has been set.

■ SWEDISH ACT **220 Volt** issue their first album in the US at the end of June on the *Epic* label. Titled **'Electric Messengers'**, this is a ten-track compilation featuring songs from the outfit's three LPs to date, *viz* '220 Volt', 'Power Games' and 'Mind Over Muscle'. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Firefall'**, **'Mistreated Eyes'**, **'Don't Go'**, **'Woman In White'** and **'Airborne Fighter'**.

Side Two: **'The Tower'**, **'Electric Messengers'**, **'Mind Over Muscle'** and **'Whiter Than White'**.

■ **NIGHTWING** HAVE just issued a live album titled **'A Night Of Mystery – Alive! Alive!'** on the *Gull* label, distributed through *Pinnacle*. Recorded during the band's European tour last year it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Fantasia'**, **'Something In The Air'**, **'Dressed To Kill'**, **'Cell 151'** and **'Night Of Mystery'**.

Side Two: **'You Keep Me Hanging On'**, **'The Devil Walks Behind You'** and **'Treading Water'**.

The quintet have been forced to postpone all touring plans until later this year due to the fact that bassist/vocalist **Gordon Rowley** is still recovering from the latest in a series of operations on his left knee.

■ NORTH-EAST act **Avenger** have just completed work on their second album for release through *Neat* during late June/early July. Titled **'Killer Elite'**, it was co-produced by **Keith Nichol** and the band at Impulse Studios in Wallsend. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Revenge Attack'**, **'Run For Your Lives'**, **'Brand Of Torture'**, **'Steel On Steel'** and **'(Fight For The) Right To Rock'**.

Side Two: **'Hard Times'**, **'Under The Hammer'**, **'Face To The Ground'**, **'Dangerous Games'**, **'Yesterday's Heroes'**, **'MM 85'** and **'Sawmill'**.

■ **CHATEAUX** HAVE just issued a new album, **'Highly Strung'**, on the *Ebony* label. It was produced by **Darryl Johnston** at Ebony Studios in Hull.

■ CHICAGO ACT **Holland** have just completed work on their first album for the *Atlantic* label. As yet untitled, it was produced by **Tom Werman** and should be out in the US during the next few weeks.

■ **MOODY BLUES** Keyboardsman **Patrick Moraz** and **King Crimson** drummer **Bill Bruford** have just issued their second collaborative album, **'Flags'**, on the *EG* label. The duo will be playing a date at **London Ronnie Scott's Club** on June 16.

MARILLION will be undertaking a full UK tour during September/October, dates for which are as follows: Dublin SFX September 4/5, Belfast Maysfield Leisure Centre 6, London Hammersmith Odeon 11/12/13, Cardiff St. David's Hall 15/16, Nottingham Theatre Royal 17, Sheffield City Hall 19, Newcastle City Hall 20, Edinburgh Playhouse 21, Aberdeen Capitol Theatre 22, Manchester Apollo 24, Birmingham Odeon 26, Leicester De Montfort Hall 29, Bristol Colston Hall 30, Southampton Gaumont October 1.

Tickets are priced at £6.50/£5.50 for all venues and are now on sale at the respective box offices plus usual ticket outlets.

RANDY CALIFORNIA plays London Dominion Theatre on June 28.

SHY play Sheffield Polytechnic June 13, Newcastle Mayfair 14, Glasgow Pavilion 16, Nottingham Rock City 17, Manchester Ritz 18.

THOR will be appearing at Camden Dingwalls June 12, Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush 13, Northampton Old Five Bells 15.

The man has just issued a new single on the *Roadrunner* label. Available in both seven inch and 12" formats, both feature **'Knock 'Em Down'** (produced by **Tom Doherty**) on the A-side. The former also boasts live versions of **'Keep The Dogs Away'** plus **'Lightning Strikes'** (recorded at Harpo's in Detroit during May). The latter has a live version of **'Knock 'Em Down'** plus two other onstage recordings.

MOTÖRHEAD *(above) play a special tenth anniversary show at London's Hammersmith Odeon on June 29. There are likely to be a number of 'special guests' appearing on the night. Tickets are priced at £5/£4.50.*

WARFARE will be playing a date at Walthamstow Royal Standard on July 5.

TARAZARA will be appearing at Camden Dingwalls June 19, London Embassy Club July 1.

PERSIAN RISK play Shepherds Bush The Wellington June 13, Walthamstow Royal Standard 14.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS have confirmed dates at Croydon Cartoon Club June 23, Northampton Old Five Bells 28, Thatcham Silks July 1, Woolwich Tramshed 2, Ebbw Vale Beaufort Ballroom 5, Christchurch Regent Centre 6 (supported by **Incubus**), Guildford Royal 11, Walthamstow Royal Standard 12, London Marquee Club 18/19, Harwich Community Centre 20, Croydon Fairfield Hall 28.

THE TORPEDOS, formerly known as the **New Torpedos**, play London Embassy Club on July 11.

PENDRAGON will be appearing at Bristol Granary on June 15.

DAGABAND play Chesterfield Aquarius on July 19. Support act are **Haze**.

CAUSE & EFFECT have changed the date of their show at Harlesden Mean Fiddler from June 12 to June 13.

MAD HATTER play Runcorn Cherry Tree Hotel on July 31.

SEDUCER play Brentford Red Lion June 12, Kings Lynn Blue & Gold Club 15, Shepherds Bush The Wellington July 11, East Ham Ruskin Arms 26, Northampton Old Five Bells 28, Oxford Penny Farthing August 15.

REBECCA WOLF play Stevenage Long Ship June 23, Letchworth The Shoes 28, Woodbridge Bentwaters Club July 25.

JAI GRAY JAI play Harlesden The Mean Fiddler on June 19.

THE LONELY HEARTS, who are currently working with producer **Bram Tchaikowsky**, play Walthamstow Royal Standard on June 12.

VIGILANTE, from Thanet, play Bethersden Royal Standard June 20, Chatham East End August 16.

GIPSY, a trio from Exeter, have confirmed shows at Exminster Dee Dee Damont June 13, Exwick Sids 20, Thorverton Memorial Hall 28 (with **Breed**).

TORANAGA, a 'melodic rock' band from Yorkshire, play Hull Troggs June 26.

PHENOMENA

LIMITED EDITION LUMINOUS COVER

INCLUDING 12 PAGE FULL COLOUR BOOKLET

GLENN HUGHES
MEL GALLEY
JOHN THOMAS
DON AIREY
COZY POWELL
RICHARD BAILEY
NEIL MURRAY
TED MCKENNA
AND OTHER GUEST ARTISTS

A PHENOMENON!

BRONZE

MUSIC CASSETTE {PMC 1}
AND ALBUM {PM 1}
COMPACT DISC ON THE WAY

LONG LIFE LONG LIFE LONG LIFE
DON'T STOP
GO
GO GO GO GO GO

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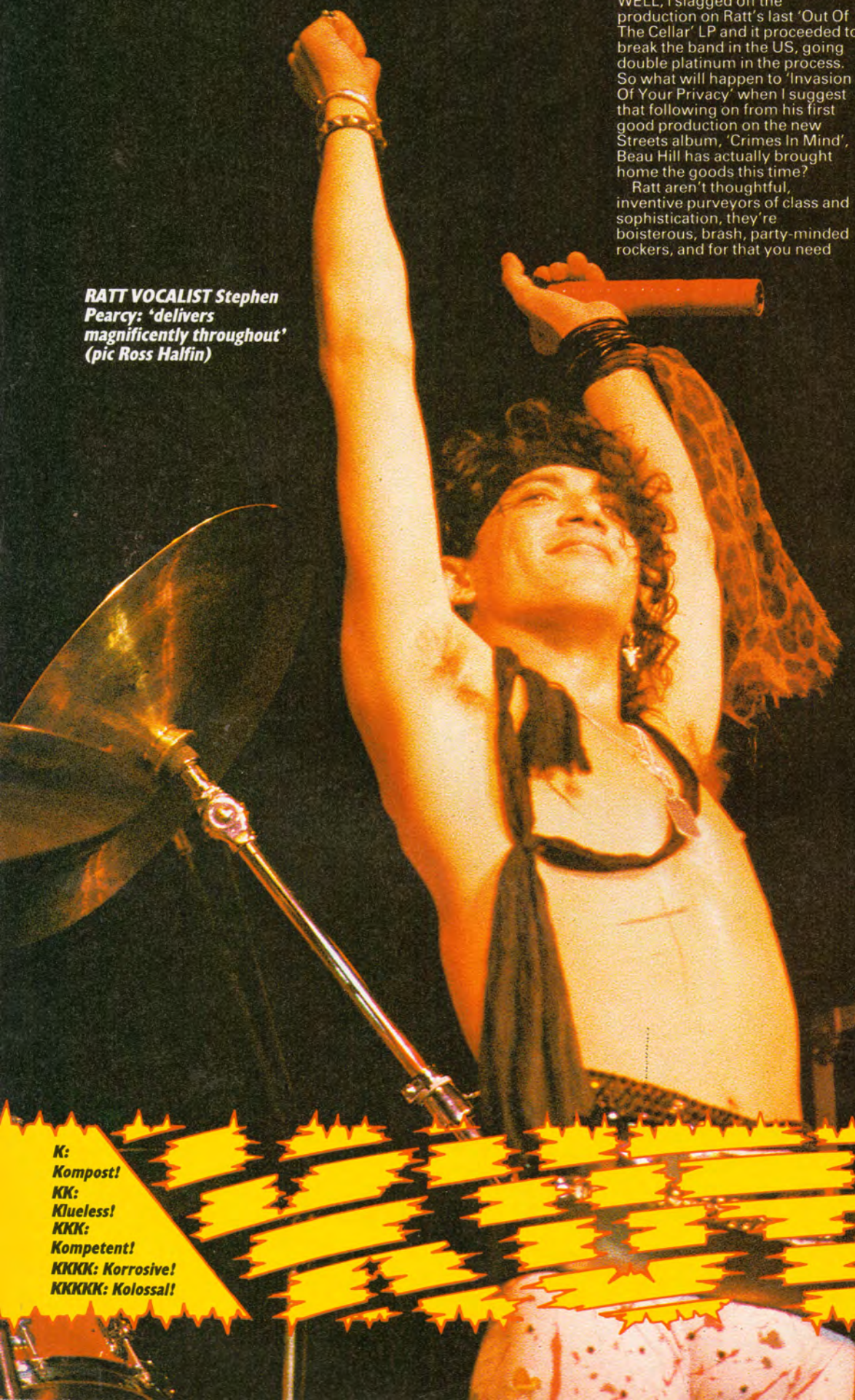
EVER READY
GOLD SEAL
GOLDSEAL

Private Lives



***RATT VOCALIST** Stephen Pearcy: 'delivers magnificently throughout' (pic Ross Halfin)*

RATT
'Invasion Of Your Privacy'
(Atlantic 7812571)
KKKK

WELL, I slagged off the production on Ratt's last 'Out Of The Cellar' LP and it proceeded to break the band in the US, going double platinum in the process. So what will happen to 'Invasion Of Your Privacy' when I suggest that following on from his first good production on the new Streets album, 'Crimes In Mind', Beau Hill has actually brought home the goods this time?

Ratt aren't thoughtful, inventive purveyors of class and sophistication, they're boisterous, brash, party-minded rockers, and for that you need lots of screaming guitars, lots of noise, lots of raucous rock – and here it all is. Stephen Pearcy's the perfect foil for it all and delivers magnificently throughout in his uniquely flavoured vocal style, a sneering, easy arrogance that means *he's* the king of the party whatever his cohorts may be up to behind him.

And they're up to plenty, with the growling rhythms and shrieking leads of guitarists Warren de Martini and Robbin Crosby sparring with Juan Croucier's vigorous bass and the booming blast of drummer Bobby Blotzer. As a unit Ratt work magnificently, a team with fire in their eyes who've successfully proved themselves onstage and now proceed to justify their position with this piece of vinyl.

It's a seamless fabric of fire from beginning to end, each track virtually running into the next and offering much of the same throughout with only relatively subtle alterations to the basic format. The first track on each side sounds slightly more impressive than its bedfellows, but maybe for no more reason than the fact that nothing immediately precedes it. However, the tough exuberance of 'You're In Love' (better than being in trouble, I guess) and the slow-burning firefight of 'Between The Eyes' do seem to possess a shade more individuality than the remaining eight tracks.

Not that the others are to be belittled; with the exception of the rather tired 'You Should Know By Now' and nagging doubts about the racing 'Got Me On The Line' which seems to go nowhere fast, everything performs as required – simple, powerful outings designed for maximum memorability in the singalongaMetal stakes but never letting up on the energy level that has earned Ratt their success.

There are no ballads, of course, and the attempt of 'Closer To My Heart' to conjure up a little grandeur is simply too energetic to sashay out of the Metal foundry and into the finishing shop, which leaves Ratt firmly where they want to be I'm sure.

On the evidence of 'Invasion Of Your Privacy' one can only assume that Ratt have to be chained up when they're not onstage to prevent them from running amok; listening to this album must surely be the equivalent of running a four-minute mile.

It's great. I'm knackered.

PAUL SUTER

***K:** Kompost!*
***KK:** Klueless!*
***KKK:** Kompetent!*
***KKKK:** Korrosive!*
***KKKKK:** Kolossal!*

MARILLION
'Misplaced Childhood'
(EMI MRL 2)
KKKKK

From A Child To A Man

MARILLION: putting away childish things . . .

LISTEN UP, children, and I will tell you a story . . .

Last September I went down to the *BBC* TV Theatre in Shepherds Bush to interview Judie Tzuke who was appearing on 'Pop Quiz'. That interview somehow got buried in the intervening period and has yet to appear to this day (bastards!) On Judie's team that afternoon were Meat Loaf and Fish, lead singer and lyricist with Marillion and the object of this story. Fish had come hot from an interview and photo-session (and I have seen the out-takes, kids!) with *Knave* magazine under the guidance of my good friend and fellow-journalist Neil Gaiman. This interview I set up for Fish one evening in the toilets at *Dingwalls*, but then that's another story.

After the show had been taped we three, replete with entourage, retired to a pub in the vicinity where the drinks were on someone else. Fish delved into his leather satchel and pulled out a hardbacked note-book and offered it to me with the instruction to read; so I read. What I read was a neat, hand-written sprawl of out-pourings from the heart.

"What is it?" I asked.

"That," said the gangling Scotsman, grinning proudly, "is the next album!" The next album has arrived . . .

'Misplaced Childhood' is not the same work as that which appeared in Fish's notebook, at least not specifically. Much of it has been changed, rewritten, altered, but the essence is very much the same. What the notebook contained were the late-night meanderings of a child under pressure in an adult's world, lines filled with teenage angst, the sort of fears experienced by anyone of a poetic bent: Who am I? What am I? Does anyone understand what I'm trying to say to them?

My *Knave* colleague and I raised metaphorical eyebrows and remembered that as writers ourselves, yes, we'd both been through just this kind of artistic crisis, only we had it when we were about 16. The difference is that Fish is unleashing his pent-up adolescent angst at the age of 26.

Fish, as a poet/lyricist/artist, is a late developer and 'Misplaced Childhood' should represent something of a coming-of-age for him. If lyric writing is an exorcism, as he frequently contests, then this should well and truly exorcise the ghost of his childhood and bring him up sharp against an adult world. *True* artistic genius comes as a result of being able to combine a child-like (as opposed to *childish*) clarity of vision and innocence with an adult perception, skill and purpose. Fish, with 'Misplaced Childhood', is at last beginning to show vestiges of that ability, the shedding of his cocoon and the emergence from his artistic chrysalis; the kid is growing up.

That said, my admiration for this man knows no bounds; here is an artist who has had the courage to do his growing up in public. Lou Reed may have written the song but it is Fish who has lived out the reality of it and now that the time has come to put aside childish things the future becomes an open book of possibilities. If you were impressed by what has already flowed from this man's pen then, believe me, we haven't scratched the surface; the fetters are unleashed, the blinders removed.

Intriguingly, though, while Fish has been growing up and wrestling with his angst, Messrs Kelly, Mosley, Rothery and Trewavas have collectively and quietly been taking quantum leaps in musical precision and, under the guiding hand of THE producer Chris Kimsey, have recorded an album of lush and delicate sound. Their contribution to this catalogue of words should not be underestimated. 'Misplaced Childhood' is an album built around the words but those words rely for their dramatic impact on their setting and that setting is created by the music. Backgrounds are painted, emphasised, underpinned and countered by this soundtrack serving to focus and reiterate the importance of the story being told.

The music here operates as an arm to the magician's hand: we watch, amazed, amused and bemused by the deft trickery of that hand, but it's the arm that gives it strength and focus and support. The music is powerful in itself but in combination the two aspects of this puzzle are nothing short of formidable. Steve Rothery, in particular, excels and exceeds even his own past triumphs here; some of the guitar playing is quite breathtaking!

If you want to know what's going on throughout 'Misplaced Childhood' then you'll be delighted to know that the lyrical obscurity of the previous two albums has here been supplanted by something approaching a confessional directness. Is it autobiographical? Of course. Fish even credits his real-life *nom d'amour*, Derek W. Dick (yes, he and Fish are one and the same!), with composing some of the lyrics.

The album is the real-life story of the break-up with his girlfriend and Fish's subsequent handling of that situation, interspersed with more sordid tales of foreign hookers, schoolboy loves and a certain feeling of hopelessness and isolation at the grisly world outside. There's a kind of desperate truth unveiled here; 'Kayleigh' is a real character, her name was Kaye (Kaye Leigh?), a former Fish paramour who worked in a hospital in Earls Court. Others may recognise themselves between the lines.

Fish promises, *'I won't walk away no more'* ('White Feather') as if he has come to terms with his own predicament and realised the futility of it. And now that the Marillion lyricist has reached the same level of maturity as the Marillion musicians we could be moving into realms of quite frightening potential, especially with a chart single now under the band's belts.

It's just a shame that Marillion have to unleash an album at the same time as IQ since both are quite exceptional works equally worthy of your fullest attention. Marillion's, though, is a harsher landscape and now that we have allowed Fish to do his growing up in public our demands on him must necessarily become all the greater. Musically, Marillion have confirmed all our great expectations of them, now lyrically and theatrically they must begin to answer that same call. Now begins the Morning After . . .

DAVE DICKSON

NIGHT RANGER
'7 Wishes'
(MCA MCF3278)
KKKKK

WOOOOARGH! Oh boy, it's good to be able to put that into a Night Ranger review again; the gods of the dual guitar are back with a vengeance this time with '7 Wishes' one monster of an album firmly true to the promise of the 'Dawn Patrol' debut LP and a million miles removed from the mincing follow-up 'Midnight Madness'. Mercifully, 'Sister Christian' has not dulled and diverted the lively finesse with which the band first struck out . . .

Presumably the colossal amount of roadwork that the success of 'Sister Christian' and 'Midnight Madness' brought about has revitalised the spark of aggression in the band – either that or the last album was a hypocritical, cynical one designed for success from the ground up. But who cares when '7 Wishes' is right here under our noses – any gullible soul who thought that 'Sister Christian' was the be-all and end-all of the band is in for a nasty shock with this set of tunes, only two of them showing any degree of affinity with that hit and both of them bunged at the end of a side to give the shell-shocked listener a chance to regain his strength ready to get up and put on the other side. Yes, you do that after *Side Two* as well as *Side One* – it's one of *those* albums ('f**king brilliant', I think that's the expression . . .)

A finer collection of players than Night Ranger would be hard to find, and on this album everything comes together magnificently. Guitarists Jeff Watson and Brad Gillis are utterly shattering throughout, piling on the passion with a series of towering breaks and heavy doses of monstrous riffola with all the avaricious glee of kids locked in a toy shop overnight; behind them Alan 'Fitz' Fitzgerald keys in the colours whilst Jack Blades and Kelly Keagy kick up a rhythmic roar to wake the dead, simultaneously laying down some pretty fine vocal performances too. This isn't Heavy Metal, it's switchblade-sharp HR and when they really burn Night Ranger are heavier than any Metal band around.

They're also smarter, and with the additional time they've had to put '7 Wishes' together some thought has evidently gone into providing certain aural surprises – check out the openings to 'I Need A Woman' and the title track to hear some unexpected finery in action. And then keep on listening, for both tracks bristle with venomous barbs of sheer power delivered with rich magnificence; the title track in particular is a paragon of exuberant HR in fire-breathing form.

Neither track is the killer, though; that falls to 'Interstate Love Affair'. Originally recorded for the 'Teachers' soundtrack album, this time around it's been remixed and new guitar parts added, and races along on a dancing synth backbone with Gillis and Watson delivering lines that threaten to slice off the top of your head – but don't worry, you'll die smiling.

Okay, the ballads are there – the slightly weedy 'Goodbye' and the effectively impassioned single 'Sentimental Streets' – but in the face of big, brash crushers like 'Welcome To The Night Machine' or the seething 'This Boy Needs To Rock' breathing space becomes important rather than unwanted. Everything's been thoughtfully put together and the arrangements continually avoid the obvious, adding a veneer of fascination to what might simply have been a very good rock album in lesser hands. *This* is a monster.

Since Tahnee Cain doesn't have a deal yet (are you reading this, Thom?), '7 Wishes' is hereby nominated for album of the year.

PAUL SUTER

MORE REVIEWS OVER PAGE

FROM PAGE 9

HEART
'Heart'
(Capitol ST 12410 import)
KKKK½

YOU TEND to forget about Heart when you think of female rockers; somehow they're considered solely as a band rather than having the 'female rockers' label hung on them. But on the strength of 'Heart', Lita Ford's still got Nancy Wilson to think about and Lee Aaron can't afford to forget that Ann Wilson is on the prowl again.

A long time ago Heart seemed to be on the verge of something truly major but after suffering a series of traumas they lost their way; they were never actually forgotten but it's been a long time since they made a *great* record and justified a reputation that was very much in the past tense.

But now they're back in contention with a new label and a new approach; they've taken on a new producer in Ron Nevison – the man responsible for the new approach perhaps? – and mustered their best album bar none. There's still an amount of the balladeering that tended to clog up previous releases, but the dated hippie-dippie nonsense that was responsible for all the cloying sentimentality has been cleansed away with an injection of fresh vitality that accepts the face of '85. However, the real excitement lies in the fact that Heart haven't forgotten how to rock out, and here they're in harder, yet more cultured, form than ever before. Considering that their last great rock song was 'Barracuda', it's been a long time coming . . .

Right from the start the new sound is obvious – full, rich and concise rather than the sparser sound of yore; with 'If Looks Could Kill' reaching out and grabbing at the throat you know you're onto a winner. Ann's vocals are certainly different, mature and strong without sacrificing the song for the sake of pyrotechnics, and Howard Leese's simple but critical keyboard support flavours the number in fine style.

'If Looks Could Kill' is a strong rocker, but subtle and warm nevertheless – Heart can still rip it up with the best of them, though, and with 'The Wolf' and 'Shell Shock' it's manic muscle all the way with barely a keyboard in sight, though that doesn't stop the latter featuring one of the neatest moments on the record in the deliciously cast backing vocals on the hook.

ANN WILSON: on the prowl again!

More in tune with the album opener is 'All Eyes' which actually launches *Side Two* in similarly classy style – ringing rock built on some evidently U2-influenced guitars and with a hook so fluent and strong that a concerted chart assault might not be such a bad idea. 'What He Don't Know', meanwhile, echoes Donnie Iris in style, and the hypnotic undulation of 'Nothin' At All' sounds similarly bright and insistent, stressing once again that Heart have truly realised that it is 1985 after all.

There's extra points too for the lilting, cheery 'Never' which might make another successful single with its neatly modernistic construction, and as noted earlier the album's three ballads evoke wistful smiles rather than the feeling that you've just eaten a mogadon sandwich, all of them thoughtfully textured with hypnotic finesse.

Heaven knows why Heart have taken so long to get their act together, but the important point is that they *have*. Forget the fact that they've been disappointing, pathetic even, on the last few records and go out cash-handed for this one.

PAUL SUTER

IQ
'The Wake'
(Sahara Records CAT 136)
KKKKK

I FOR ONE would be extremely gratified if this year ushered in something of a return in terms of public demand for music of a slightly more cerebral nature – 'Art Rock', perhaps, for want of a better description. I'm not talking about the kind of album that took you walking down the leafy lanes of Dingley Dell counting the magic mushrooms; no, not a re-run of the hippy-laden Sixties Art Rock, rather something more in line with the legacy of social commentators and story-tellers like Jim Morrison, Lou Reed, David Bowie and Roger Waters. I would like to hear music that challenged my intelligence, that possessed enough force and magnitude to disturb and disorientate, that could pose enough questions to tilt my perspective, however minutely.

Is this yearning for something with a little more intellectual bite anything other than the idle fancy of a critic genuinely tired of having to listen to largely talentless bands thrashing away under an all too encompassing umbrella of 'Rock'? What happened to the art, the artifice, the dexterity, that ability to weave stories to capture and stimulate the imagination . . ? God, does anybody remember *imagination?*

Am I the only one who's just a little peeved at this onslaught of truly third-rate material we have had to suffer in recent months? No, I suspect not. And why? Because so far this year I have encountered one album that has seriously moved me on both an intellectual and *gut* level, the Sisters Of Mercy's 'First And Last And Always' – and now within a few days of each other I am presented with two more manifestations of music as Modern Art, the new Marillion LP (reviewed elsewhere) and this, IQ's second (or third, depending . . .) album, 'The Wake'. Each offers up the hope that out there in record-buying-public-land there IS a demand for this kind of considered, thoughtful approach to the music and an appreciation of gifted musicianship.

That these two albums should be released one on top of the other is unfortunate because I'm sure many readers would like to possess both – different as they may be, the crossover audience must be quite considerable – but may not be able to afford them. It would serve neither band well to compare the two, especially since the parallels, aside from those mentioned above, are few and far between.

'The Wake' is something of a musical *tour de force* with the honours, finally, being awarded to keyboardist Martin Orford whose travels around his instruments evoke a huge sound spectrum that gives this album a breadth and subtlety that the band's previous effort, 'Tales From The Lush Attic', somehow lacked. Orford's keyboards, working in unison with Mike Holmes' guitar, create such superb sound textures that it seems rather facile to try and describe them here. Listen to the vaguely Arabian tinged magic of 'Corners' and revel in the true mastery being unfolded.

Similarly, note the almost disturbing texture of the keyboards as they overlay the rhythm-intro track, 'Outer Limits'; a sound mosaic is being assembled before your very ears. And if that isn't enough, check out the exquisite harpsichord part during the title track!

IQ also use their tempo changes to great effect and the shifting during 'The Wake' is quite stunningly eerie – the movement through Tim Esau's ominous bass-line to Holmes' awesome guitar wall is glorious. *Side One* is rounded off, after the depth of the 'Outer Limits'/'The Wake'/'Magic Roundabout' triplet, with something in a little lighter vein. 'Corners' starts off in a reggae frame before shifting to something altogether more, as I mentioned above, *Arabic* . . . and is quite a splendid number for that; intricate without being involved, brief yet purposeful. Brilliant.

Side Two sets off with stage favourite 'Widow's Peak' and yet, curiously enough, this doesn't work as well, at least *theatrically,* as the superb '1000 Days' which succeeds it. Nevertheless, 'Widow's Peak' is no slouch with Mike Holmes having perhaps his finest moments as this rather unpleasant tale of premature burial unravels. And then somewhere along the line '1000 Days' segues into 'Headlong' to complete something of an epic cycle.

If I've refrained from mentioning one man's contribution to this album, vocalist Peter Nicholls, it's because I am still clawing through the impenetrability of the man's lyrics. He may not have the greatest of voices but he certainly knows how to project what he has and wrapping that around the myriad scope of his lyrics amply makes up for any shortcomings he may possess as a singer (I prefer to regard him as an acquired taste!).

All in all, IQ have managed to produce a gem of an album, one that rewards frequent and repeated plays, and with diligent and intelligent reception slowly offers up its not inconsiderable depth of treasure. 'The Wake' brings new life to the concept of Art Rock and I applaud that.

DAVE DICKSON

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 12

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FROM PAGE 10

WAYSTED
'The Good, The Bad, The Waysted'
(Music For Nations MFN 43)
KKKK

PETE WAY sure learnt a lot when he was in UFO – despite the state he was in most of the time. The beginnings of Waysted may have been promising rather than auspicious, but with this sturdy outing (produced by Liam Sternberg, the man who did a better job on Ratt than Beau Hill) their heritage is starting to show and the band is coming of age. Metaphorically speaking, of course – if they ever *really* grow up the magic will surely be gone.

There's a bitter shortage of good, honest British rock in the newer echelons of UK outfits, and amidst the plethora of cack-handed AOR Waysted shine out like a diamond in a dog turd. Well, more like a 50p piece, actually – Waysted are the earnest hard workers amongst the self-appointed blow dried aristocracy, blessed with the honesty and endeavour that makes pretention something they're plainly not aspiring towards, above and beyond not being to spell it.

The album contains no classics, and if you hate rock 'n' roll then Chuck Berry's 'Round And Around' means that you'll positively hate one track despite its tongue-in-cheek slant. But all else is good solid rock in the vein that made UFO such an archetype of British balls, mercifully lifting the spirit rather than the riffs: accusations of plagiarism are not in order, thank God.

Keyboards don't get much of a look-in, with Paul Chapman's guitar the assertive frontline weapon vying with Fin's throaty, spirited (methylated perhaps?) vocals to capture the renegade verve of a drunken but purposeful power onslaught.

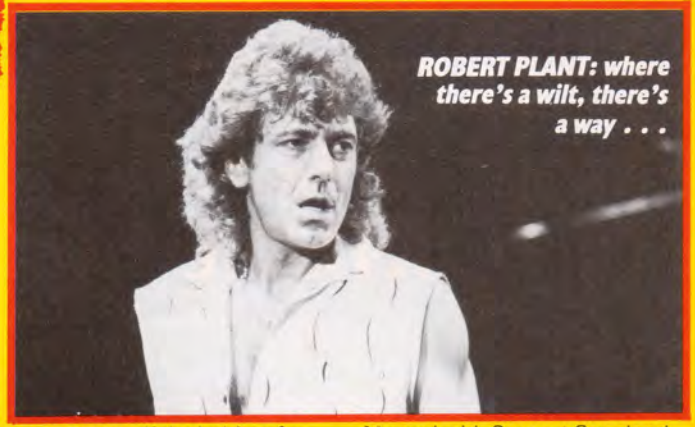
'Manuel' – *not* a 'Flappy Towels' tribute – is the nearest Waysted come to epic intentions, a shade more grandiose than its fellows, although 'Land That's Lost Its Love' would be in contention too if they really knew how to pile it on. Instead, it's sturdy, chugging rock with a neat hook, slotting in happily besides its equally fiery fellows; Waysted are the fighters with their finger on the trigger.

From the lazy sleaze of 'Dead On My Legs' to the dancing drive of 'Ball And Chain', they're running on adrenalin, with finesse out of the window as nostrils flare and *Marshalls* turn up to ten. Every hook's hummable without pretending to be masterful, every riff's purposeful without aspiring to splendour, and Fin's the perfect/imperfect voice to lay Waysted's humanity on the line. Nobody's going to win any awards for what they've done individually, but collectively Waysted have made one damn *good* soundtrack for a good time.

PAUL SUTER

Wither Plant?

ROBERT PLANT
'Shaken 'N' Stirred'
(Es Paranza 790 265-1)
KKK



ROBERT PLANT: where there's a wilt, there's a way . . .

STRANGE DAYS for Robert Plant. He floats into his future with dreamy musings and sudden outbursts, typified by the song 'Little By Little' that graces his latest work. As Robert is about to commence his first bout of touring (albeit in foreign parts) in ages, now is the time to evaluate his career and direction. A difficult task. Gone are the days of bare-chested fulmination. Robert is cooler, wiser and more sober now. With commendable determination he has brought his music into the Eighties, reserving any bouts of nostalgia for The Honeydrippers, his bow to rock 'n' soul roots. So is Robert in the happy position of having his vinyl cake *and* eating it?

With some reservations, the answer appears to be 'yes', although I have heard some voices of dissent that would cut Robert and his fans to the quick. "Whoever told him he could sing?" demanded *Kerrang!*'s Janice as I played the advance copy in the office. I hastily retrieved the record and concealed it in a brown bag. Such withering scorn can be unsettling, particularly after recently being advised by a Zeppelin fanzine editor that Robert's "once great voice has completely gone" and that the Honeydrippers are "drips".

Well, there's no accounting for taste. Although it's a difficult album to love in the sense that the music never quite gets to grips with itself, it is carefully conceived and beautifully crafted.

There is fine guitar playing from Robbie Blunt and electrifying drumming from the excellent Ritchie Hayward, particularly on 'Trouble Your Money'. Robert's songs are generally more accessible than on his previous solo albums and there's no doubt, the boy CAN sing.

Stylistically though he is still prone to drop back into old Zeppelin-esque touches. You can't shake off the habits of a lifetime and he'll croon a 'B-b-b-b-aby' here or a 'M-m-m-m-m' there. At the end of 'Little By Little' (nowt to do with t'Stones classic) his protesting yells draw a Page like howl from Blunt which is probably entirely involuntary.

But if there are any comparisons to be made it is to the Police or Jon Butcher Axis in the propensity for clean cut, but shimmering and occasionally surreal, guitar lines and pert, restless drumming over expansive themes. I liked most of them, although 'Too Loud' is an oddity with an uncanny resemblance to Bob Dylan's 'Subterranean Homesick Blues' in its one-note simplicity.

'Hip To Hoo' starts the album with some fulsome back beats from Ritchie and orchestral wide-screen chords from Jezz Woodroffe. Like all the cuts it repays constant playing at full volume for effect. Robert's pitching sounds a shade off as he gets to the 'Stop-stop' bit, but this may be due to some complexity in the overdubbing and mixing. Or he may simply be out of tune.

'Kallalou Kallalou' has a salsa feel with Robert singing in the bath, while 'Too Loud' is a shade too tricky, with some gimmicky vocal bleats and 'hee haw' synthesised guitar licks in 'Hip Hop' mode. I prefer Paul Hardcastle.

Much better is 'Trouble Your Money' with Stewart Copeland style stick-butting and heavily processed vocals chanting against upsurges from the full band. A good piece although, as with most of the compositions, it doesn't quite reach the top of the hill and look over. It's the way of Big Country, U2 and others, built around chord shapes that appeal to guitarists and melody lines that turn-on bassists. It's the journey not the destination that is important.

Same goes for the noisy, jumping 'Pink And Black' and the echoing *blitzkrieg* of 'Little By Little'. My favourite cut is not the technically brilliant 'Doo Doo A Do Do' but the more human 'Easily Lead' where Robert the consummate performer suddenly comes to life over a fast and exciting riff. At last the band play for the singer and don't just use him as series of electrical impulses. The flesh and blood Plant sweats and shouts through a piece that could be 'Easily Led Zeppelin' if the fates had decreed otherwise. Watch out for Ritchie's terrific drumming and Robert's blues jamming.

A contender for a 12 inch version I would have thought, backed with the slow, solid 'Sizes And Sevens', cuts which make up for the uncertainties of 'Too Loud' and 'Doo Doo . . .'. Some of it brilliant then, some frustrating. Were three KKKs a shade ungenerous? Okay, I'll give it five.

CHRIS WELCH

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 14

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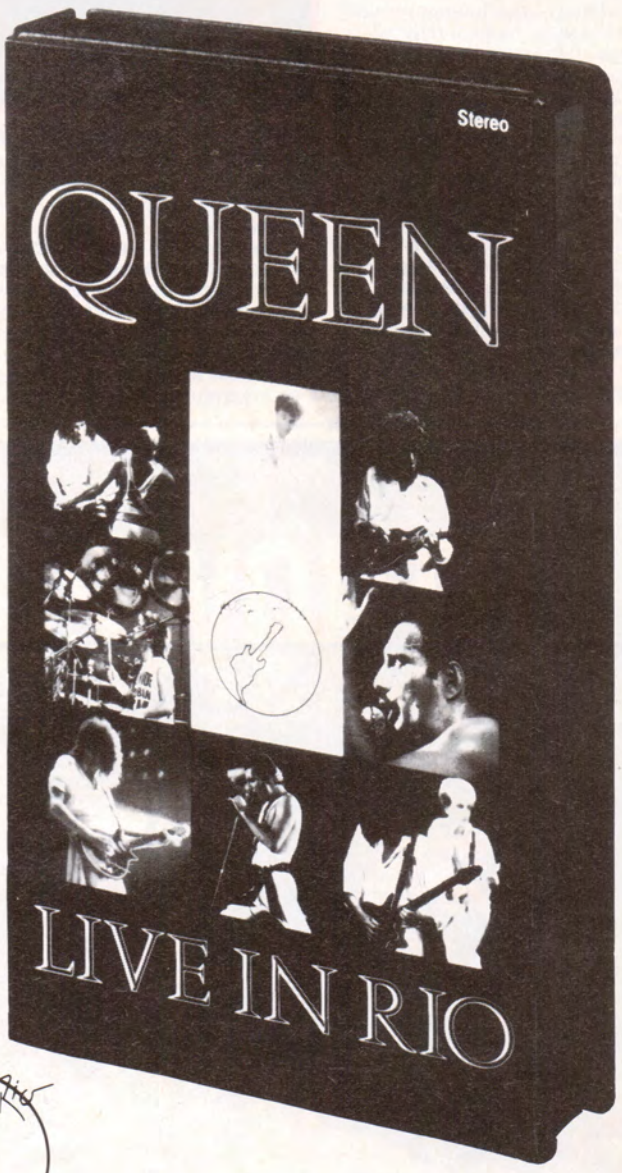

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FROM PAGE 12

WARLOCK
'Hellbound'
(Vertigo 824 660 IQ import)
KKKK

THERE WAS a time when I viewed the pathetically monickered Warlock as just another bunch of mindless sinners out for blood, guts, dandruff and precious little else.

After all their debut album, released on the unflappable *Mausoleum* label, demonstrated a neat line in cerebral punch-drunk pulverising with hardly a hint of intelligent song construction throughout its entire length. The only redeeming (physical) factor appeared to be the leather-clad torso of blonde vocalist Dorothee Pesch, a woman who received Paul Suter's heavy breathing approval before the vinyl had actually hit the deck (in his case the record player, in mine the parquet flooring).

This time around, however, things are looking distinctly rosier as 'Hellbound' (the 'originality' of which I do not intend to question at this stage) is a radiant, blast furnace mountain of an album that leaps out of the speakers with the fire-raising intensity of a raging volcano. Straddled resolutely between the guitar annihilation of Accept (*circa* 'Restless And Wild') and the titanic invincibility of those other Teutonic warriors the Scorpions, 'Hellbound' sits proudly as one of Germany's finest ever Metal moments. It really is *that* defendable.

WARLOCK: 'a radiant, blast furnace mountain of an album'

Equipped with a production that sounds like a million dollars but probably cost a lot less, each cut throttles down the rock path with such stridency, such determination and mercurial cleverness that Warlock look fiercely assured of big time success as a matter of fact rather than speculation. And it really is a joy, like the aforementioned Scorps and Accept, to find such a heavy rollicking combo fashioning a sound that not only retains the rusty razor-blade sharpness of its guitars but also implants those neat, well executed touches of harmony that signal hit-making potential.

Lend an ear to the brilliant strut 'n' pout of the duel guitars as they concoct Metal that seems so fresh and bright. Watch out for those sneaky bits of harmonics as the riffs suddenly turn on themselves, cut across channels and become immersed beneath Dorothee's lethal screams. Feel the heat as the whole band crash into the anthemic hook lines, especially the chorus of 'Shout It Out'. Frightening!

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I could bore you to tears with playful descriptions of the songs but that would defy the object of this appraisal. Simply 'Hellbound' is an entirety, an album that has no real peaks ('cept maybe the ballad 'Catch My Heart') but just motors on an energy level that induces instant acceptance by virtue of its intensity. This album will turn a lot of (dead) heads, make Warlock a few more friends and ultimately be the band's stepping stone to world domination.

DEREK OLIVER

Footnote: Warlock will be signing copies of 'Hellbound' at *Shades* (9-12 St. Anne's Ct, London W1) on June 15 from 11.30 am.

MAGNUM
'On A Storyteller's Night'
(FM LP 34)
KKKK½

TIMES CHANGE. Groups come and go but Magnum remain *unchanged*. There's hardly a piece of vinyl wearing the Magnum logo that has yet to leave me off balance. Don't think it's down to sentimentality or any old tosh like that either; the Magnum mantle has always delivered and 'On A Storyteller's Night' is no exception.

Shrouded protectively by this year's best LP sleeve (once again a Rodney Matthews creation), which features strange middle earth characters wrapped in awe as the central magician spins a chronicle of magical charm, Magnum have created a definite statement. From intensely spellbinding and worldly epics to diplomatic love songs that bleed with private distress, the embodiment of all you could wish for in one Magnum package lies awaiting your discovery, your initiation to perhaps the greatest progressive band available.

And like I said there's everything, something for every breed of rock fan imaginable. Take the traditional, almost rustic, (Magnum) opus 'How Far Jerusalem' and the title track 'On A Storyteller's Night'. Both are complicated, extended tales detailing circumstances beyond the wildest (fugal) dreams, wrapped in layers of perfectly recorded and produced instrumentation fired to full effect by Bob Catley's characteristic vox spirals. Catley's voice is unbelievable; from ballads to motoring rock his identity is total and filled with an individuality that easily nudges Plant, Perry or Morrison.

Yet for me it's the shorter tracks that cut the most ice. It's perfectly obvious, for example, that 'Two Hearts' and 'The Last Dance' (prospectively a massive hit single) are the best songs that Magnum have ever penned; the former a shuffle Dire Straits style, sporting Catley's alluring (achin') heart felt words, whilst the latter is built on simplicity itself – a piano, voice and pockets of silence that scream melancholy, desperation and eventual hope.

Connecting the extremes are joyous, almost bohemian, numbers like the rollicking country bumpkin warmth of 'Steal Your Heart', the pompous dash of 'Just Like An Arrow' (you know that one by now), the dramatic broody implications of 'Les Morts Dansant' and the eccentric frugality of 'All England's Eyes'. Perfect to a note and smeared delicately in a production (by Kit Woolven) that has no faults of any kind.

For a band once smitten by a record company (*Jet* – ouch!) that cared not one small fragment, this LP is a remarkable and monstrous achievement. The quality is simply staggering (due in no small amount to the superb packaging) and no-one in their right mind, whether blues, progressive or hardcore fan, could possibly ignore its implications.

DEREK OLIVER

VARIOUS ARTISTS
'Fire In Harmony'
(Elusive Records ARRLP 100)
K (But JJJJJ)*

ALTHOUGH THE Progressive Rock Revival may have faded from the headlines, it is still going strong out there in the freezing, ill-equipped rehearsal rooms of suburbia. Such new bands as Contact, pride of Bromley, are struggling for gigs but could be the backbone of a new and a glorious chapter.

Alas, Contact are too new to be featured on this otherwise excellent selection featuring those bands who have kept the flame alive during the Eighties. Apart from Marillion who came up this way, record success has eluded them. It's difficult music to purvey in the studio, especially when production budgets are limited and the bands themselves unskilled at studio craft. And so 'Unspoken Words' by Citizen Cain, however complex and imaginative, is not going to sound much in terms of impact against the latest Hip Hop blast out. Whoever shall combine the ancient lore of rock with the latest audio scientific discoveries shall reap rich rewards.

More successful is 'Blood And Roses' by Lahost, and significantly they use electronic drums for extra power and precision. But it is in the swirling keyboard patterns, key changes, poetical lyrics and elasticated guitar lines of Pendragon's 'Fly High, Fall Far' that we hear the epitome of the *genre*. It is a bit worrying that while there are eight bands represented here, so much of the music follows the same pattern and there are so many recognisable overtones of Genesis and Yes.

But there is a lot to like and enjoy from such bands as Liaison, Trilogy, Solstice and Quasar. The tempos are generally slow and stately rather than racey and raucous. On 'Shadows' by Haze the guitar tinkles in that magical musical-box mode first devised by dear old Steve Hackett. In this case, Chris McMahon is responsible for the tintinabulations accompanying his brother Paul's starry-eyed vocals.

Whenever I hear the hippie tones of Prog Rock I remember the time I struggled up Glastonbury Tor shouting, "Where's the ley lines then?!" to be told "Sshh!" by a lurking water diviner. A moment of shame.

CHRIS WELCH

*J = Joss Stick Rating.

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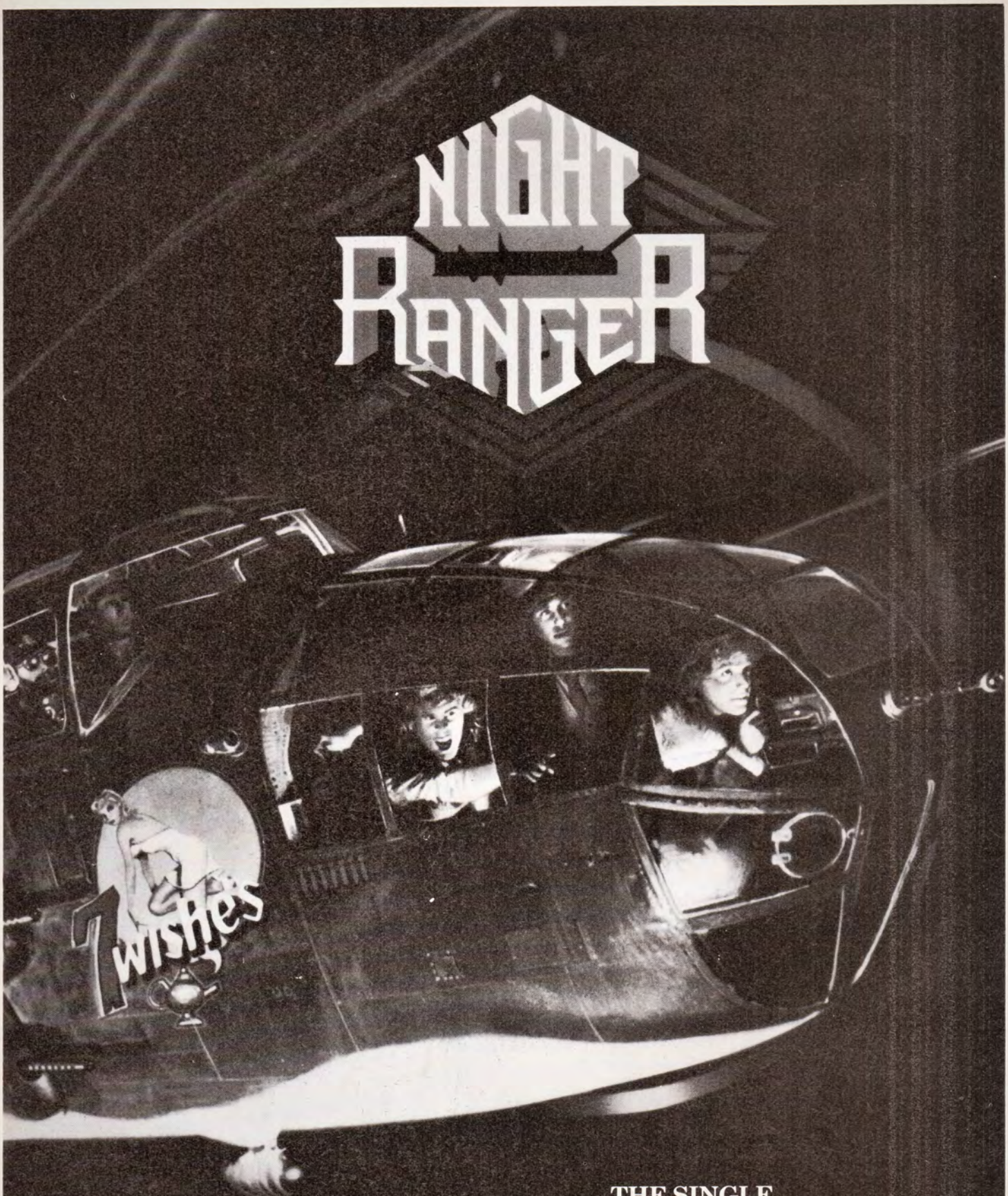

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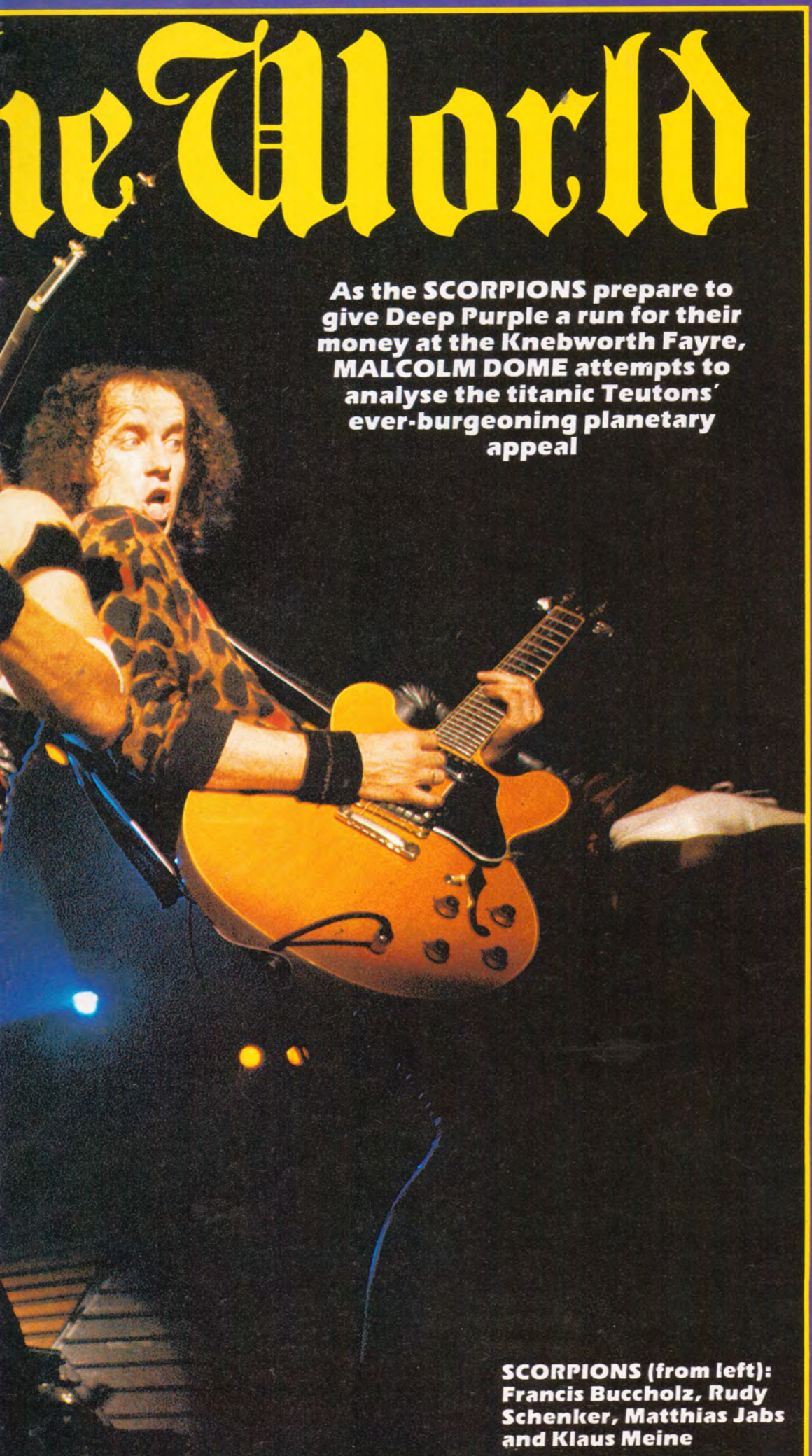
Put your answers on a post-card and send it to: Ann Kember, *Kerrang!* Raven competition, Greater London House, London NW1 7QZ.

Take On T

Pic Robert Ellis

ne World

As the SCORPIONS prepare to give Deep Purple a run for their money at the Knebworth Fayre, MALCOLM DOME attempts to analyse the titanic Teutons' ever-burgeoning planetary appeal



SCORPIONS (from left): Francis Buccholz, Rudy Schenker, Matthias Jabs and Klaus Meine

THERE'S A legend doing the twitter, twitter, gossip, gossip music business circuit in New York City which relates how Scorpions' drummer Herman Rarebell recently walked into the publicity offices of *Elektra Records* (with whom he's signed as a solo artist) and introduced himself to one amused employee as follows:

"Hello, I'm Herman – ze only German viz a sense of humour!"

Whether this has total validity I somehow doubt, but it does bring home one rather salient point: the Germans do *not* exactly enjoy a beneficial reputation when it comes to the lighter side of life. As a nation, there's no questioning their efficiency, work-rate and ingenuity. But they traditionally take the caricature form of a severe toothache race with little or no sense of mirth and fun.

"As Germans, we do find it difficult to relate to the English sense of humour. It's a bit special, and whilst I personally quite like it, nonetheless I'm quite often left rather bewildered by your jokes."

Scorps vocalist Klaus Meine carefully fingers his glass of cooling liquor, searching for the right words to express his opinion. It's an equator steamin' afternoon on the outskirts of Hanover. Meine and myself are spending a relaxing few hours at the stylish home of rhythm guitarist Rudolf Schenker, watching the sun beat a path to the West and flickering our eyebrows to lash aimlessly wandering insects. It's a civilised occasion far removed from the stage mania of Vancouver in April '84, the last time I saw any of the band. We're here for a reason. In fact, two reasons.

Firstly, the quintet have just put out a spanking cane-handed double live album (their second) titled 'World Wide Live', and secondly there's the little matter of the Scorps' appearance on the bill for the Knebworth Fayre (June 22) to be considered.

But before we indulge in a spot of promotion for both worthy events, let's return to the theme in hand – Germans. It cannot have escaped the keen observer that the Scorpions were the very first Teutonic *rock* act to succeed on the international circuit."

EXACTLY WHAT prompted the fledgling arachnids to break out of their home market and onto virgin English territory in 1975 (after gaining some modest Germanic credibility) must remain shrouded in complexity. Restless talent had something to do with it, so did an inevitable frustration with the

KONTINUES OVER

Scorpions

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

lack of interest in rock from the Teutone music industry (something that continues to this very day), and one cannot forget an innate sense of ruthless determination that still pervades and bonds Schenker to Meine as the dual heart of the Scorpions, which can be traced back to a teen detestation of home-grown blandola. Schenker's '85 explanation for the bold step (one which could so easily have backfired) is short and simple.

"We'd always sung in English and, after all, England is the *home* of rock, so it was natural that the band wanted to try out on the club circuit."

"I remember that our very first UK date (one of 30) was at *the Cavern* in Liverpool (which passed into licensing hour legend thanks to the Beatles). It was horrendous. Everyone seemed completely drunk and about midnight some of the guys just started pissing all over the PA."

Meine recalls those dim, dark days with a combination of relish and horror. And in those times, the five-star hotel was merely a murky bed-sit mirage, as Schenker details:

"We stayed in all types of boarding houses, including the sort where you have to put money in the electricity meter. But it did the band a great deal of good and it was certainly an important step for us both in terms of confidence and also stature."

Following their initial dip into the whirlpool (highlighted by a barnstorming *Marquee* show), Meine charts the band's debut headlining visit to Japan in April '78 as the next major step up the long ladder.

"Once we'd proved to ourselves that the Scorpions could go onstage and play before thousands of people as in Japan then it became a lot easier to go to the States and open up a big bill with a 30 minute set."

The results of the aforementioned '78 Japanese campaign were released early the next year as the double album 'Tokyo Tapes' (recorded at the Sun Plaza Hall in Tokyo on April 24 & 27).

"That LP marked the close of Chapter One in our story," explains Schenker.

Soon afterwards, the Scorps lost the services of acclaimed guitarist Ulrich (now Uli Jon) Roth and, in Europe at least, switched labels from *RCA* to *Harvest* (part of *EMI*).

"To be honest, Uli was playing more for himself than the band at the time he left us. So there were two camps: on the one hand he was coming up with all manner of Hendrix-style licks, whilst on the other Klaus and I were attempting to get the group more song-orientated. The split was good for both parties.

"When Uli left, we did audition a number of very good guitarists in England but at the back of our minds we always thought that the Scorpions would be better off getting in another German."

"However nice a person is, it's difficult to relate to them if they're foreign," continues Meine. "Any guitarist who joined the Scorpions would have had to come and live in Germany, which is a tremendous wrench for someone of different nationality. So, although some of guys who tried out for the job were very talented, nonetheless we felt easier taking in a fellow German like Matthias (Jabs). We, of course, *did* at one time have a foreigner in the band, namely Rudy Lenners (drums) who comes from Belgium and was with us for some while. But in the end, being something of an outsider got too much for him (Lenners is now with Steelover)."

"At first, the gap between Matthias and Uli was huge," admits Schenker, "But the former has now grown in stature, and suits our style perfectly; he's also totally at one with our philosophy."

MICHAEL SCHENKER: Pic Robert Ellis

SINCE THE introduction of Jabs, the Scorps have gone from strength to super-stretch strength, reaching their present position of multi-platinum status with last year's 'Love At First Sting' opus. And as a way of celebrating the past six years of almost unblemished upswing in their career, the band have just put out a second double live effort titled 'World Wide Live'.

As I unequivocally proclaimed in the last issue, this is a truly monster Godzilla release. For not only does it showcase the Scorps in their natural habitat (growling out the goods onstage), but each and every song has been dramatically improved as compared to the studio original. Moreover, as the band's live set now contains no material from the pre – 'Lovedrive' era there's no crossover between 'TT' and 'WWL'.

"There are *no* overdubs on this album either," proclaims Meine (rock 'n' roll *cliché* numero 58). "Everything you hear has been left as it was on the nights in question. To us the most important thing was to capture the atmosphere of the stage performance. In fact, there are occasions when we chose specific tracks despite our own delivery not being up to scratch simply because the emotion and spirit of the recording was so strong. For instance, the version of 'Holiday' used was taped in Paris before some 18,000 fans. Now, as you can readily hear on the LP, my voice wasn't in good shape during this gig because I was ill. But the atmosphere created by the entire audience singing along to the number was so overwhelming that I was very happy to go with this choice."

"The Scorpions have always been at their best onstage," adds Schenker. "We live for the road and touring adds considerably to the strength of any song we perform.

"The way we chose the track listing was quite simple. Every member of the band spent two weeks listening back to *all* the tapes made on the road and then we all individually came up with our own preferred song choice. The funny thing was that when we came to compare notes, each of us had a *virtually identical* tracking. To a large extent, the performances chose themselves."

YET, IF overdubs were ruled out, nonetheless a great deal of credit for the shining and effervescently colossal sounds on vinyl must go to producer Dieter Dierks. This confident German twiddler has grown with the band, having been involved with 'em almost from the days of the egg. In the past, he's come in for some vehement criticism for the lack of edge and swing on his mixes. Indeed rumours (unsubstantiated, I

might add) have abounded for a few years that the Scorpions weren't exactly happy with his approach. At one point I know that New York producer/engineer Tony Bongiovi was being considered to at least help on the mixes for 'Love At First Sting', but although one track did get sent to his Powerstation Studios for a trial run, nothing ever developed from this plan; Dierks was eventually left to handle proceedings in his own inimitable manner.

To be fair, Dieter has never really let any band down in the studio (except maybe for Bullet on the 'No Mercy' sessions, but then again perhaps the band were as much at fault there as the producer). Not only has he handled the Scorpions with undisguised success, but also done efficient jobs on the Plasmatics ('Coup D'Etat') and the debut, self-titled Black 'N Blue opus. Moreover, no member of the Scorps has ever publically criticised him. And certainly the man has won a renewed respect, even from the harshest of opponents, *via* his tremendous, scorching exertions on behalf of Accept and their recent 'Metal Heart' record.

"When I heard 'Metal Heart' I said to Dieter, 'That's the first time I've actually liked the sound you've got on record!'," laughs Schenker. "I think he has done well with 'World Wide Live'; the sound isn't perfect, but we're getting there."

Part of Dierks' problem over the years has been that he's spent the vast chunk of a decade ensuring that his Cologne-based studios are equipped with state-of-the-art technology, which has meant much construction work going on in the marshlands about the ears of recording bands, not an exercise conducive to classic sounds.

"Ever since I've known Dieter he's been putting together his studio," agrees Schenker. "In fact, I remember many nights sleeping in the outhouse and being kept awake by an electric drill. Fortunately, he's almost finished the work now."

'WORLD WIDE LIVE' Is, in fact, a rather apt title for this LP. For the Scorps have established themselves as a global act of great repute, taking the post-Wagnerian message to the most exotic of locations. For example, there's Brazil.

"When we did the Rock In Rio festival (*aka* the Mick Wall Benefit Show) in January, we were the only non-South American act on the bill who'd actually had a hit out there ('Still Loving You')," reveals Meine. "Before the festival everybody warned us that the level of organisation in Brazil was appalling, but we found that the whole thing was very well handled.

"Unfortunately because of security and timing problems we didn't get to see much of the countryside. In fact, all of us were told not to venture out by ourselves because there was a likelihood of being attacked and robbed. If you wear a good watch on Copacabana beach, for instance, then apparently some of the natives would be prepared to cut your hand off to get to it. But one day, I did wander out of the hotel by myself and was immediately surrounded by a group of about 100 fans. As I was wearing not only an expensive watch but also a chain around my neck I was convinced that my time was up. However, the kids only wanted to touch me and get my autograph."

"This band is also very big in other parts of the South American continent (in Mexico, 'Blackout' has long ago been certified gold) and we were offered a tour of Venezuela recently," says Schenker. "We've also got a large following in the Phillipines. I went there on vacation a couple of years ago and when I arrived at the airport 'Holiday' came on the radio! At first I assumed that *EMI*'s local representative had found out somehow that I was going to be there and got the station to play an old Scorps song. But it turned out that the number was then a current hit on the island!

"I actually asked my wife to go into a local Phillipino record store and buy some Scorps back-catalogue albums just to add them to my collection."

Ironically, just about the only place where the band have lost ground in recent times has been . . . Great Britain, which has now almost become quicksand territory for the band. Much of this is due to their highly disappointing tour here early last year, a point which has struck home with considerable irritation to Schenker.

"We've always done well in the UK, and never had any trouble selling out our '84 tour, but we didn't sell huge amounts of records last year. Obviously we'd like to make up any momentum lost because of our poor shows then."

THE SCORPIONS take a stride in the right direction when they appear at the Knebworth Fayre with Deep Purple (what price the Scorps stealing the day?) on June 22, their first festival date here since Donington '80. But why choose to return here *via* Knebworth?

"Well, we were talking to the promotors of Castle Donington about a slot on this year's bill (headlined by ZZ Top), but we felt that as the band had already played there with Rainbow in 1980 that it wasn't in our best interests to return," explains Schenker.

"We're all fans of Deep Purple from 'In Rock' days," enthuses Meine. "In fact I used to play in a band called Copernicus with Michael Schenker and we did a number of DP cover versions. On top of that, we get along very well with Ritchie Blackmore and look forward to making his acquaintance again.

"Amusingly, the Scorpions supported Rainbow in 1982 on part of the latter's North American tour and the two outfits played a soccer match in Montreal. We won it 4-0 . . . well, the *official* result was 4-1, but that's only because we had to give Rainbow a goal to appease Ritchie. Anyway, Blackmore has always vowed to get his own back, so with Purple and ourselves now appearing on the same bill there's the chance for a re-match. So Ritchie if you're reading this, how about it? And maybe some *Kerrang!* people can play, some on each side. Although we all keep ourselves fit on the road through daily morning exercise, only three members of the Scorpions are in the side. I'm not sure how many DPs would appear on their team sheet, but since Herman doesn't actually play the game, we'll probably leave him in the bar with Jon Lord! (*Yeah, along with Xavier Russell – Ed*).

"The final reason for agreeing to do the festival is that . . . we could do with some fresh T-shirts. Our allocation from headlining the Reading bash in '79 is getting slightly soiled!"

For the band, this is no more than a holding operation in Britain, which hopefully will push them right back to the fore and boost sales on 'World Wide Live'. And following their 60 minute or so set, the boys will pack their linen and tents, heading off to Malaysia and a bill-topping slot at a rock festival on June 25.

"We did two shows in Bangkok during 1982 before 12,000 fans *per* date and the Scorpions have also had two big hit singles, namely 'Holiday' and 'Always Somewhere', out there, so it's certainly worth us playing just one gig to maintain our profile," says Meine in response to Doc Doom's slightly raised eyebrows. I mean 'Bangkok, you really know how to party' doesn't quite ring the bell of credibility, eh?

ANYWAY, PLANS for the rest of this year remain sketchy once Malaysia has been despatched. One or two festival dates in the US are being set up, there's the release of a documentary film from the last tour (likely to be previewed in the US on cable television stations MTV or *Home Box Office* before getting global video release) and plenty of time to recover from jungle fever. So, are we about to see a rash of solo projects?

"No!" Rudy Schenker is very firm on the subject. "Everyone in this band is totally committed to the Scorpions and has no time to spend on other things. If you begin work on your own album it tends to diminish your input to the band. I know Herman is awaiting the release of his LP 'Herman Ze German' (due out at some point on *Elektra* and actually a revamping of his '82 effort, 'Nip In The Bud'), but quite honestly whilst he was doing that project his contribution to the Scorpions was badly affected. So, I hope this will be his *last* individual album.

"We are all taking the opportunity to practice our technique and improve as much as possible musically. The problem with touring is that you get little time to rehearse. So taking a year or so off to develop is no bad thing. Everybody is putting their upmost into the band and hopefully when we re-emerge it'll be as even stronger unit. Rest assured, we'll be carrying on in the same manner as before – only better!"

Whilst the Scorpions are certainly an irresistible force on the sting scale, their two most illustrious ex-members, Uli Jon Roth and Michael Schenker, are still struggling to emerge as all-round, credible artists. So, what do Meine and Schenker (R) think of these famed guitarists in '85?

First, Meine on Roth:

"I saw Uli playing at a club in Hanover recently and whilst I was impressed as always with his guitar style, nonetheless I was disappointed that he still insisted on doing many of the lead vocal parts himself. He has surrounded the stage with some fine backing singers but won't give them the chance to take a lead role. He should concentrate on his guitar work, which is magnificent, and get in a vocalist who can give the songs the extra dimension they deserve."

Now, Schenker on Schenker:

"David Krebs (who handles affairs for both the Scorps and Michael in America) asked me if I wanted to produce Michael's next album. But I declined because I didn't think it would do either of us any good at all. What he needs is to find a strong vocalist he can work with and fire ideas off in the same manner as Klaus and myself."

AS THE bottled spirits sink lower and lower on the horizon, I hear my *Lufthansa* box kite winding itself up on the distant ironing board. And as I head down the *autobahn* for the airport in Meine's *Ever Ready*-powered racer, one question above all else occupies my freshly squandered mind: where did I put my soccer shorts?!

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ALL THE FUN OF THE FAYRE

RITCHIE BLACKMORE of DEEP PURPLE aims to confound the Knebworth knockers, reports MICK WALL

RITCHIE: "Knebworth? Nah . . . I'm off to see U2 that day, myself!"

Pic George Bodnar

NEW YORK CITY: the Warwick Hotel over on West 54th Street. It's 2.30 in the morning and in room 1110 the telephone is ringing. A sleepless hand reaches out and grabs the receiver, lifting it tight to a sleeping head.

"Yeah?" the word crawls out of my gob like a snake from a sandpit. On the other end of the wire is Bruce Payne, manager of Deep Purple.

"What happened?" he barks down the line. "Ritchie waited in the bar for you for *two hours*! And you didn't show! What happened?"

"Whaddayamean Ritchie waited in the bar for two hours? I get straight off the plane and make it over to the hotel in double quick fashion. I don't even know for certain if there's going to be a room reserved for me, I don't know when, where or how I'm supposed to be getting together with Ritchie, so what do I do? It's Friday in New York, do I go out on the razz and hit the clubs? Do I crawl on my hands and knees into the bar and launch myself ass-first into a bottle, *any* bottle? Do I f**k! I sit in my hotel room and *wait*. I need instructions, I need orders and I am a good boy and so I wait and nothing do I hear, no more do I know until this very phone call . . . s**t, so what do I do now? Can I talk to Ritchie tomorrow? Is he pissed off? Has the whole deal been shot down in flames and am I about to be the proud receiver of a Geoff Barton sized boot up my ass?"

Two seconds of silence . . .

"No, you wait and sit tight until I ring you back in the morning," says Bruce, sensing that my nerves are raw and my head's on backwards. The phone dies slowly in my hands.

THE FOLLOWING PM the phone starts up again and this time I'm ready.

"Do you play soccer?"

"Uh, well yeah," I say.

"OK, this is what you do. Ritchie says he came to you last night so now it's your turn to go to him. The thing is, Ritchie is playing football this afternoon so he suggests you have a game too and then get the interview together. What do you say? You'll have to take a train out to Long Island and we'll worry about getting you to the airport afterwards." Bruce's voice is all smiles.

The deal struck, I spend the next 45 minutes limbering up round and round the furniture and fittings in my room, psyching myself up into classic Bryan Robson animal-magic pose. If it's football they want, I am going to make damn sure I can shoot the ball with both feet.

An hour into the training programme the phone is doing its ring-thing again.

It's Bruce:

"There's been a change of plan," he announces and, oh no, I can feel my mood of doom and gloom in June returning. But the voice inside my head tells me to stay cool and I listen patiently.

"We're gonna send a car over to pick you up and take you to a restaurant in Long Island at six where you'll have dinner with Ritchie and you can do the interview then, while you're having your meal. What do you say?"

I say I'm disconnecting this damn phone from the wall before you change your mind again.

Some time later I'm leaning into a fine Bloody Mary at a table reserved for Mr Blackmore and his guests. Out the window I can see Ritchie Blackmore and his friends walking up the drive towards the eaterie and my stomach turns over like a Ferris Wheel in a force nine gale. I don't get nervous as a rule – too long in the tooth and knob for that sort of kiddy kick – but hell, this is Ritchie Blackmore! The Man In Black! The One That Never Talks! And what am I but a short-arsed scribbler from Soho? And so I remove my nose from the red juice and stand to attention when the man walks in the room and finally we meet.

I needn't have worried.

Contrary to all the preconceived ideas everybody and their milkman threw at me when they knew I was making the trip to meet Ritchie Blackmore, in person he's warm, friendly and very good company indeed.

The first thing he does is break all the rules and smile, and so as we both sit down and I grin back at him it's time to cut all my bulls**t and do what I came to do . . . talk.

DO YOU see the forthcoming Knebworth Fayre as an important gig for the band?

"Oh yeah, very important. The pressure is always on in England . . . although I don't know too much about the gig itself. Knebworth? Nah . . . I'm off to see U2 that day, myself!"

A wry smile creases the corners of the mouth.

Why just the one UK date? It seems strange after doing a string of gigs elsewhere in the world like Australia, etc?

"We took a kind of vote. Some of the band wanted to do more gigs and some wanted to do one big one. But it's so difficult when you've got a big production to break even when you play England, which is why not too many bands go there. I wanted to do a few gigs – one in Scotland, one in Birmingham, two in London, something like that, but I was overruled by . . . someone, I can't remember who, someone I met in a pub somewhere I expect," he laughs. "But I don't like to be judged on one gig because it's inevitably a disappointment, everything goes wrong. I could say the halls in Britain aren't big enough but I don't really know the answers. I can just see people saying now, 'Oh the halls aren't big enough to hold Ritchie's head!'

"I know if it was down to Ian Gillan the band would do every club and hall in Britain, but I don't know, politics come into play and all kinds of things and it's ended up that the band is doing a European tour with three days off before Knebworth and three days off after so we probably could have done something more. I think it's got to the point where I can't even remember the real reasons why we're not doing a British tour. We're gonna kick off the European tour by playing a small club date in Sweden actually. Just invite members of the fan club, and do it secretly so the promoter doesn't start charging people a fortune to see it."

When was the last time you played in a club?

"Oh Christ . . . a club? Well, I play in a club here in Long Island a lot, a place called Sparks just down the road; it's a Heavy Metal club. If there's ever a really simple three chord blues I'll jump up with the band and play a bit. I get into a lot of fights over the football table though," he chuckles.

Switching back to Knebworth a sec, with U2 holding their festival the same day as yours do you see the Milton Keynes bash as a threat to Purple's attendance figures, to your prestige?

"I thought it was very strange that they would go out the same day. Originally they were going to hold their gig a couple of weeks later and then suddenly they changed their minds and chose the same day as us.

"It's not a threat, but it is a challenge, they've certainly got a big audience. We'll be very aware that U2 are playing down the road. I wasn't pissed off when I found out that they were playing, but I was more than a bit suspicious. People in the so-called hierarchy have looked into it for me and they say that it's definitely not a move to deliberately upset us, but at first I thought it was.

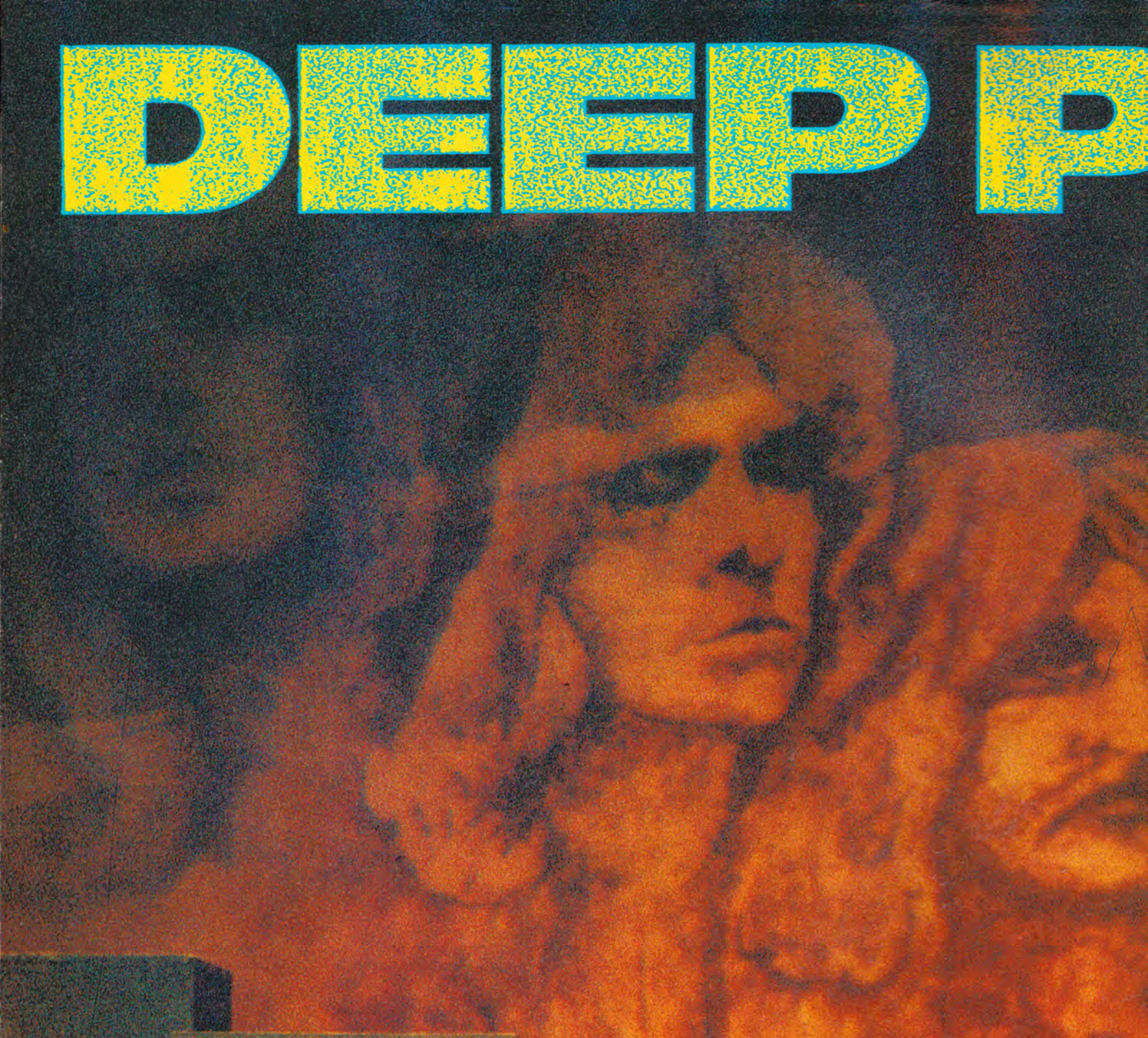
"I'm always suspicious of anybody though, there's always undercurrents and undertones of suspicion that I seek out and look for in people. I always look for the bad in people . . . and I'm sure they see it in me. Mmm, the U2 thing I thought was very strange; of all the weekends there are in Summer to play, you know? I'm sure there's a promoter hidden away somewhere who's responsible, someone who's been crossed in the past with an ancient axe to grind . . ."

Would you take a poor attendance at Knebworth as a direct snub from the British fans?

"No, not a direct snub, because being English I know how we think and it would just be the luck of the draw. It would be just another concert to go to and it would mean people just weren't interested in us at that particular time. As we have no big commercial hit out we will attract the real heavy staunch followers; we'd like to get through to the people that buy hits as well but if you're not on *Top Of The Pops* then, well . . . I'm still kind of nervous about the event, not sure how it'll turn out. We'll see, ha! ha!"

INTERVIEW CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE

DEEP P



IT'S THE second weekend of Knebworth, August 11 1979, and onstage, framed by a gigantic pyramid of laser light, stands the wasted and – some would say – *demonic* figure of little Jimmy Page hurling his violin bow into the third-eye of the multitude, cursing and hexing his unheavenly form through another ramalama ringshot version of 'Dazed And Confused'. It's the last UK appearance of Led Zeppelin – not that any of us knew it at the time – and the lightning flashed and the darkness did split . . .

1985, and another Knebworth. Six years since Led Zeppelin bowed-out (*ouch!* full pun intended) and, well, what could follow that? Um, what about the reformed Deep Purple playing their first UK concert with their Mk II line-up in 12 F**KING YEARS?! Huh? Yeah, mark the date well my people: June 22. Deep Purple! Live and well supported by the likes of the Scorpions, Meat Loaf, Blackfoot, UFO and Mama's Boys.

The whole deal is being promoted by Paul Loasby, Pace Concerts and *Radio One*. Some tickets will be on sale on the day priced at £14.00. And don't worry about ticket availability; the key thing to remember is that Knebworth has no crowd capacity as such, therefore you are all welcome and can all get your dirty mitts on as many tickets as your grimy hearts desire. All the gates will be open on the day from 7.00 am and the concert kicks off at 12 noon prompt.

PURPLE

During the afternoon *Radio One* DJs will be hosting the event (that's Tommy Vance, Annie Nightingale, Richard Skinner, Bruno Brooks and Mark Page, trivia fans). *Radio One* will also be interviewing members of the bands backstage on the air and will broadcast the performances at a later date.

Along with the usual fish, chips an' burgers stands there will also be vegetarian food stalls. Toilets and a Red Cross unit will also be in evidence, however please note that the promoters aim to impose a tight ban on bottles, camping, cans and tape recorders.

British Rail have organised a special late train back into London that won't leave the nearest station to the site – Stevenage – until after the gig (check locally for more details on train times in and out of London and all other connections). There will also be a shuttle bus connection to and from the site.

During the afternoon's entertainment there is to be an aerial display from the *Marlboro* Aerobatic Display Team. And then . . . and then . . . it's . . . PURPLE!!!

Back in 1972 Deep Purple were entered into the *Guinness Book Of Records* officially as the Loudest Band In The World. In 1975 The Who took the title away from them with a multi-decibel pounding at Charlton Athletic Football Ground, and the word from the Purple camp is that at Knebworth the band will be out gunning for the record a second time.

To back up the attempt they are flying in a mega-death PA system boasting a bone-crunching quarter of a million watts – the largest PA system in the world today! They are also going to have six (count 'em) lasers in use during their set, and there will be over £10,000 worth of 'Aerial Pyrotechnics' . . . that's fireworks to you and me, kid.

GOOD ROCKING . . .!

MICK WALL

Pic George Bodnar

SWEDE SENSATION

PAUL SUTER is captivated by the magic of Scandinavian act SPELLBOUND

'KEEP ON ROCKIN'!' Okay, I'm sorry, that's far from original, but what does a poor unsuspecting soul do when he's unexpectedly asked for his autograph? My mind went blank – I'd tried pointing out that I wasn't Lemmy, he was the one over there without the spectacles but with the (full) glasses, but that didn't work and there was no escape.

I write for *Kerrang!* and therefore I am deemed autograph-worthy by the Swedes it seems, or at least some of them; by the end of the night poor Lemmy was craving anonymity and a little peace but I was having a great time. Maybe I went too far with 'I am *not* the Peardrop Man (I prefer Pineapple Chunks)' but the lucky(?) recipient didn't complain.

I wasn't pissed either – not with *Kroenenberg* at nearly three quid a bottle. Sweden may have a reputation for sex and sin but the reality is much more conservative; alcohol is strictly controlled, sold only from government-owned outlets during the day and available by night at colossal prices in licensed restaurants and a few bars. Drinking is hardly an approved form of behaviour it seems, tolerated at best and theoretically controlled by inordinate pricing. When I noticed that someone had thrown up in the bogs I couldn't help thinking that the culprit must have been remarkably well off.

The occasion for this frivolity was a showcase for *Sonet*'s sparkling debutantes Spellbound, presented in partnership with labelmates Universe at a small but atmospheric club called *Studion*. Whilst Sweden may be a healthy market for visiting Metal acts the fans have little time for domestic outfits, with only Europe having successfully made the transition into a genuine concert attraction. It was therefore heartwarming to see the club packed to the seams to check out Spellbound, stimulated it seems by the interest *Kerrang!* has shown in the band.

Virtually every Swedish HM band was represented and homed in on your truly; fortunately 220 Volt didn't show up to remonstrate over their recent appearance in the 'Janet And John Guide To HM' but Bathory *were* represented as were Rising Force in preparation for their recently completed European dates; fortunately my written comments on both acts were taken well and I escaped unscathed . . .

Outside the streets were covered in snow with more falling all the time, leading to irrevocable gratitude that my descent upon Los Angeles was only six days away, but inside the temperature was high, going through the roof when Spellbound unleashed the most stylish slab of committed, excited rock ever to emerge from Sweden (sez I at least). The kids prefer to align themselves with foreign acts for now but given a couple of years' campaigning these boys are going to be international heroes with a welcome in their homeland. Exactly akin to the Canadian market until it began to come of age quite recently, foreign success is a prerequisite for domestic credibility. Europe are an exception of sorts, but they have reached a dead end, it seems, which is forcing them to look abroad if they are not to atrophy and die.

SPELLBOUND WON'T be striking out in a big way yet though, either at home or abroad. Since recording the album 'Breaking The Spell' (in a mere seven days with three more for mixing) one of them has joined the army and another the air force, with their compulsory national service not over until August. Monday to Friday with weekends off, vocalist Hans Fröberg and guitarist Al Strandberg are military men; bassist Thompson and guitarist J J Marsh, however, succeeded in convincing the draft board that they were extremely dodgy characters best kept away from Sweden's finest, and at the tender age of 17 drummer Ola Strandberg won't be called up for another two years, and will be granted an exemption if the potential of the band translates into a viable career by then. It will my boy, it will . . .

The whole situation was brought home rather forcibly when the band showed up for the interview on Friday at 6pm – it couldn't be any earlier because Hans wouldn't be available, just to re-emphasise the point he had rushed to the hotel still in uniform! He proceeded to explain the situation:

"Military service is compulsory – I'm not doing this because I want to. They keep telling me to cut my hair, but fortunately they can't force me!

"Al's an engineer in the air force, and I'm fighting in the woods – today we had an exercise where we were all crawling about under burning napalm. We'll be finished in the Summer though, and then the hard work really begins. We're planning to come over to London to record the next album then – now we're busy preparing for what's to come.

"It's a problem at the moment, and we can only rehearse at the weekends. We've got a rehearsal room at my parents' house and that's where we get rid of our frustrations, we treat it like a real show."

"Yeah, he's always saying stuff like 'goodnight Tokyo'!" laughed the rest of the band. "I've always written songs; 90 percent were pure s**t of course, but since I joined the army and consequently haven't been able to write as much they're turning out much better. The next album's going to be a real killer! Everybody's improving in the band and hopefully I'll be singing better too when we finally get into the studio."

Military service has entered the lives of every prospective Swedish band of course –

Pic Johan Gauermann

SPELLBOUND: 'confidence is something they possess in colossal amounts . . . they have a genuine belief in their international future'

Spellbound aren't alone – but as a younger outfit than most (aged from 17 to 22) the draft has arrived at a frustrating time. The album has only been supported by about a dozen shows and since its release in the week before Christmas hasn't made much of a showing amongst Swedish kids, who just aren't interested in supporting their own – apparently the big news is Iron Maiden, Kiss and Mötley Crüe. However, once an organ as authoritative as *Kerrang!* started mouthing words of praise the tide began to turn . . .

"Nobody was interested at first, but now they know we're coming," Hans smiled. "An American or British band is always considered better by the kids, even if there's a Swedish group that beats them hands down. The compilation that we were on, 'Swedish Metal', gave us an identity abroad but it didn't mean too much at home until the *Kerrang!* review appeared, and since the recent 'Breaking The Spell' review people are starting to look at Spellbound seriously. Other bands have been ringing up to congratulate us!

"They're getting worried now. Almost every band who means anything comes from here in Stockholm and just because we're not from the city they thought we were a bunch of farmers or something. But last night they were all down to check us out and everyone was saying that they were very impressed. Nobody can beat this band live!"

HMMM, THE sound of confidence (and not arrogance I rush to stress after several hours in the band's company). Confidence is something the band possess in colossal amounts . . . they have a genuine belief in their international future that is helping them to tolerate the enforced hiatus of military service. Hans has seen many bands come and go, timidly whispering of their ambition "to be able to live off our music", but he's pulling no punches when he says, "We're going for the stadiums, we aim to be big. We're not famous yet, but we're going to be.

"*Sonet* thought Spellbound were just another band until reviews appeared in *Kerrang!*, but now they know better. I told them right at the beginning we were the best band in Sweden, maybe now they'll believe me!" he laughed.

Right now Europe and Trash are Sweden's leading contenders with US deals secured through *Epic* and *Atlantic* respectively, but there can be little doubt that Spellbound will soon be spreading their wings and I know who my money's on to come up trumps.

"Everyone wants to be big worldwide but we'll take it one step at a time," Hans reassured, "we don't want to get into something we're not ready for. Once Al and I are out of uniform we're going for it though.

"After all, our roots definitely aren't in Scandinavian music. Thompson and I grew up together listening to the same music and then played in bands together, and it was always Kiss and stuff like that we were listening to. We still like the same sort of music, and that's the way I write.

"We're worried of course because we don't know what the English and American kids will think of us, but I know we can deliver the goods. We've got a singer who can sing, two f**king good guitarists and a great rhythm section; we have fun on stage too, and if *we're* having fun then I'm sure the kids are as well. That's what all of us are about, we're out to have fun and don't need drugs, just our music.

"In Scandinavia the most popular rock is on the harder side, we're rather more commercial, but people are starting to take note. And the girls like us . . ." he smirked after two scores the previous day during his specially approved army leave for the show. As if on cue the hotel receptionist rang through to discuss the young ladies hanging around in the lobby waiting for the band to emerge . . .

My pleasant relief that the band can indeed deliver the goods has been reviewed elsewhere, but it's worth noting Hans' reluctance to go over the top about the show. Although everyone present was impressed it apparently failed to rank amongst Spellbound's classic performances.

"It wasn't our best gig, but I guess we're satisfied. It was so hot down there that the guitars were going out of tune, and all the smoke didn't help my voice, but it was a reasonable show. We were very happy with the response we got, particularly as to get into a club in Sweden you have to be 20, which meant that the audience was older than most of us, and you can't expect them to go wild over a bunch of kids."

THERE'S NO way out of it, I'm stating here and now that Spellbound are going to be big. That's big as in B-I-G. Their music's right and developing all the time (witness two excellent new numbers at the show) and just as importantly their attitude's right too, a band with its collective head screwed on and not about to get screwed up. Must be something to do with that military discipline.

BON JOVI · THE SMALL FACES · MOUNTAIN
ARMORED SAINT · METALLICA
...AND MUCH MORE IN

OUT JUNE 28 WHERE LEGENDS LIVE!

THE NEVER-ENDING STORY

Are you sitting comfortably? Then listen carefully as TONY CLARKIN (pictured right) relates the tale of the renaissance of MAGNUM to an attentive MALCOLM DOME

HE HASN'T changed too much over the past 18 months or so. Magnum guitarist/composer Tony Clarkin (a veritable 20th Century Cyrano De Bergerac) still bears the air of the Dickensian era, cloaking any bitterness he may feel about the absence of Dave Lee Roth *savoir faire schtick* in a veil of self-deprecating, rustic humour.

Clarkin's in town for the band's headlining date at the *Dominion Theatre*, part of a six-week back-breaking trek across Britain which has underscored this outfit's glorious rise once more from the wreck of a seemingly gutted career. It's been a long time since I sat outside a Brummie pub with 'The Hat' Clarkin, vocalist Bob 'Brawny' Catley and keyboardsman Mark 'Travellin' Man' Stanway discussing the merits of 'The Eleventh Hour' LP (their last for the *Jet* label) amidst a feeling of gloom.

Of course, subsequently the boys have left *Jet*, signed to *FM*, put out a new album titled 'On A Storyteller's Night' that smashed into the national charts recently at number 24 (their highest ever debut position), parted company with drummer Kex Gorin and Stanway (losing both to Robin George), acquired Jim Simpson and Eddie George respectively, lost the latter duo and brought in Micky Barker plus Stanway (again) . . . these Midlands lads certainly know how to keep footloose!

Sitting outside a local Mornington Crescent hostelry cradling pints of froth and vermin, Clarkin and I delve back into the past darkly, whilst Catley downs a few pints. So, let's start the rollerball cannon firing in the *Jet* direction.

"Look, I don't want to get into a heavy slagging over *Jet* because being bitter after the event won't help matters at all. If you take an objective view of the situation, we'd been signed to the label for six years which is a heck of a long time for any band to be associated with one company. The failure of Magnum to 'make it' is as much down to us as *Jet*. Perhaps if the whole thing had been handled differently then this band would have been more successful, but in the music business events don't always run smoothly.

"Our contract with *Jet* simply came to an end. The parting was mutual and amicable. It was rather like going through a divorce, the initial sense of freedom was a great relief. To be honest, I want to put the whole *Jet* episode behind us and concentrate on the future."

IT WOULD be fooling everyone if I attempt to hide the stark fact that the majority of onlookers, including *Kerrang!*, believed in '84 that Magnum were destined for the scrapheap.

"Yeah, I think most people thought our career was over and even *we* had doubts," admits Clarkin as the first drops of rain fall like halfpennies from grey sky piggy banks onto his cobbled features. "We would have band meetings every so often where one or two members would get up and say, 'Right, let's knock it on the head'. But each time this happened someone else would just come back with the comment, 'Hang on a minute, let's think carefully about such a drastic move and adjourn the meeting for a couple of weeks'. It dragged on like that for ages."

Finally, both Gorin and Stanway left the band late last year, after much soul searching.

"When we left *Jet*, we had to get material ready to gain the interest of other companies. But I was very ill for almost a whole year and couldn't get any songs together (Clarkin still writes all the numbers). Therefore the rest of the lads were left kicking their heels with no income to fall back on. As Kex has a family and mortage I can't honestly blame him for eventually breaking ranks and joining up with Robin George. We're still on very good terms with him, though. Similarly there was nothing to hold Mark in Magnum, either."

As if all of this trouble wasn't enough, Bob Catley actually parted company with Magnum for a very brief spell at the end of last year. Indeed, he even phoned the *Kerrang!* office to enquire whether we knew of any vacancies for a good singer – or lavatory attendant.

"I was very depressed when Kex and Mark left and really couldn't see any future for Magnum," says Catley of the incident. "So I let things get on top of me and made that call. But as soon as I put the phone down I regretted it. I then spent a week thinking over my decision and eventually decided that it was madness to even contemplate leaving Magnum."

The band's heart beat dipped to its most worryingly erratic and potentially fatal pattern last November when things got so gloomy that the five came within a well-strung whisker of finally capitulating to the ravages of fate. Yet they somehow picked themselves up, dusted off the cobwebs, shrugged off the coma and hardened their arteries for another assault.

WITH THE aid of manager Keith Baker (a long-time cohort of the act), they secured a publishing deal through *Tritec*, who also handle affairs for D**n D**n and other Dicksonian foliage. The talk at the time was of a major US sow's purse label deal being sown up very rapidly . . . but it never happened.

"We did some demos which, looking back, were misguided and far too lightweight," reveals Clarkin. "But they unfortunately went out to various record companies and I'm not surprised we got rejected by them. There was a lot of interest in us from slightly smaller labels, but we went for *FM* because they were so keen and enthusiastic. However, let me make things clear: Magnum have licensed only this one album to *FM*, we are not signed on any long-term basis.

"So far, *FM* have done tremendously well for the band. Hell, we even had radio airplay for our last single 'Just Like An Arrow'. I know this is no more than a light pop tune, but *Jet* with all the weight of the *CBS* organisation behind them could never get us on daytime radio. And during all the years we were with them, Magnum only got one UK television spot; in the last couple of months *FM* have put us on *three* TV shows! But I don't wanna blame *Jet*. Maybe this time around I came up with the right material to get such exposure whereas before I'd not quite twigged the formula."

A Top 100 national chart placing for 'Just Like An Arrow' (already a live fave) was quickly seized upon by Magnum and turned into a very healthy boost for the latest LP, 'On A Storyteller's Night', which for me stands alongside 'Chase The Dragon' (their fourth opus) as the best offering yet from Britain's finest *ever* exponents of pomp rock.

However, as with all things connected to Magnum, the recording of said album didn't pass without a hitch or two. Eddie George left the band just prior to the start of the sessions ("things didn't work out with him") to leave the door ajar for a surprise return from Stanway, whilst the careless fling of an inopportune amp put Clarkin's favourite guitar totally out of commission.

"I was forced to use a customised *Fender Strat* on the LP. Now, I used to hate this model but things turned out so well that now I can't imagine myself without it."

Magnum have just finished their latest British trek, a tour that . . . yep, you guessed it, went off with the 'aid' of at least one major problem. Just a few days before the whole caravan hit the trail, drummer Jim Simpson left to join UFO, so the boys had to get a replacement pronto, eventually recruiting Brummie man Micky Barker. And when the band took the stage at the *Dominion* (their *50th* British gig of the year), a show that was recorded for a future live LP, there were yet more trials, although the strength of their resolve and experience eventually saw them through to a triumphant night.

SO WHAT does the future hold for this most talented and unassuming of melodic bands?

"We are trying to get ourselves label deals in other territories such as America and Japan. Moreover, we'd like to tour throughout countries like Yugoslavia and Poland."

On the British front, it's unlikely that Magnum will be appearing onstage until the end of the year; a tour has already been scheduled to begin on November 14, climaxing with a date at the *Hammersmith Odeon* on December 14. By that time, if all goes according to plan, the Brum maestros should have acquired the sort of kudos and success their talent has always demanded.

Pic Ray Palmer

D'YA remembER a cERtain article that appeared in *S****s* a few years back remarking on the alarming casualty rate amongst acts whose monickERs ended in -ER?! It was . . . ER . . . astonishing to witness how the luminary likes of StrikER and TeasER always came to a particularly sticky end. Definitely curiousER and curiousER and obviously of vERy little comfort to the likes of StrypER, with or without God on their side!

So what do we deduce from these sad pieces of statistikhem? Well, the obvious one is nevER form a band striken with the 'ER' syndrome. The othER is that you can bet your butt that any 'ER' act that has stuck out like the provERbial sore thumb is gonna be worth checking out. To make some kinda name when saddled with that particular affliction proves that the band is far out and groovy, baaaby! Like . . . ER . . . dig?

So entER Night RangER, Bay Area bombast that has outsmarted the ghost of 'ER' bands past to ride the wave of rock 'n' roll credibility like yER avERage 'Apocalypse Now' surfER charging across the breakERs on the coast of 'Nam! We are talking sERious style hERe, chaps!

Credibility-wise, Night RangER have some neat little aces up their sleeves, trump cards that are gonna put lessER talents into their place! Take Brad Gillis, for example, a whizz-kid axe talent who earned public stripes as the first Randy Rhoads replacement of any pERmanence (BERnie Tormé had filled in briefly, I believe!). Now Ozzy's a marvellous entERtainments' officER, carefully cultivating a wildER than 'KrushER' image, but when it comes to getting his act togethER to make the money, yER man only wants the best! Natch, Gillis knows his way around the fretboard like XaviER Russell is acquainted with the Bourbons of the world. Only negative factor: he looks like Sammy Hagar's kid brothER!

Talking of Sam the man leads to the othER Night RangER ace in the hole, Alan 'Fitz' FitzgERald. OK, so the guy *looks* a little left-field and is an honorary membER of the Mick Mars Oxygen Tent Club, but years of ivory tickling with Hagar and best buddy Ronnie Montrose lets you know that 'Fitz' is vERy much class!

Add fuel to the fire with flaxen-haired duelling guitarist Jeff Watson, a human dynamo in diminutive vocalist/bassist Jack Blades and vocalising drummER Kelly Keagy – and you'll find a hot, tight and taught outfit straining at the leash! But why so special? Why able to escape that ensnaring 'ER' net?

WELL, ZE professor would like to proffER a theory that Night RangER hit home so hard in the AmERican heartland due to their unique harmonising of US FM sophistication with a tad more 'nuts on display', teenage revolution, *bona fide* BOLLOX! Now of course Night RangER ain't exactly Hanoi Rocks (and boy, do we evER need *them* back in the saddle – hurry on back lads!), but thERe's no denying that when Gillis and Watson kick out those jams the results can be vERy eyebrow-singeing!

The vinyl proof is already thERe. 'Don't Tell Me You Love Me', from the debut 'Dawn Patrol' opus, and the anthemic flag-waver '(You Can Still) Rock In AmErica' from the 'Midnight Madness' LP, are enough to convince you that thERe is powER a-plenty in this hERe five-piece. It's a blend that's worked to pERfection throughout their two album careER (the first on *Epic*, the second on *MCA*). How would you like to be selling over two million copies of only your second disc? Well, that's the size of the Night RangER pie, melords 'n' ladies!

Thus, it's all the more surprising to hear 'RangER Kelly Keagy filling me in on some changes to the Night RangER sound, as we shall soon discovER on the new '7 Wishes' album:

"We feel it's a real intEResting album"' states a particularly affable Keagy down the 'dog 'n' bone' from trans-Atlantic San Francisco, man. "We've used the same producER (Pat GlassER) and engineER as one our two previous albums, but we had a few sound problems and ended up shifting the whole project from the Bay Area down to LA. We've only kept the drums from SF.

"Anyway, as the recording of the album was progressing we started to see a slight change

NIGHT RANGER (from left): Jeff Watson, Kelly Keagy, Alan Fitzgerald, Brad Gillis and Jack Blades

NIGHT

On the eve of their first-ever UK shows as support to Foreigner

happening. The ovERall feel of the songs is definitely more symphonic than it has been, cos for some reason 'Fitz' really came into his own when we wERe laying this one down. The keys have really started to dominate, though there's still a lot of guitar on the record. They've kinda jumped out from nowhERe,"

IntEResting shift, and whethER subconsciously or othERwise, it's cERtainly indicative of the Metal backlash that's currently going down in the States. How the likes of 'Sentimental Street', 'Faces', 'I Need A Woman' and 'Four In The Morning' will bend from the rock 'n' roll path remains to be seen, with pristine pressed of '7 Wishes' only just in the shops, but it's cErtainly true that Metal is not the most popular Stateside word right now. It's a situation that Mr. Keagy is well aware of:

"It's weird, because we just went into the studio trying to come up with a great rock 'n' roll record and we came out with something slightly diffERent. We did think about a production change but didn't want to mess with the chemistry and the family atmosphERe of the band – and *still* things came out diffERently.

"Maybe subconsciously we have been affected by what's going on in the States. New music is becoming more and more powERful and Heavy Metal is definitely falling off. Do you know, radio stations are even putting ads in the papERs saying, 'we know that you don't wanna hear any more Quiet Riot or Mötley Crüe so don't worry cos we ain't gonna play any!' Things are *that* heavy these days! A lot of people have been saying that Heavy Metal is related to a lot of teenage deaths. Who knows? Some of what they say might be true!

"It could hurt us for sure, you nevER can tell, but I always think of Night RangER as a melodic rock band rathER than a Heavy Metal band. I believe that melody always shines through. I've nevER really been a fan of Heavy, Heavy Metal and when evERyone copied it, it became less and less enjoyable. I mean, anyone can play three chords and scream! We did get lumped into the HM category when the band started, but the songs shone through. Hopefully, that'll happen again!"

FLIGHT

NIGHT RANGER send their best wishes to HOWARD JOHNSON

HOPEFULLY SO, but its probably a nice, smart move that Night RangER are currently touting their wares around Europe as special guests on the ForeignER (what's all this tosh I've been spouting about 'ER' bands then?!!!) tour before they hit the States. Give the colonials the chance to live with the songs for a wee while, eh?

"Hey man, I'm really excited about going ovER to Europe. Although I've nevER been thERe, I really feel as if I'm going back to my roots. European music has always been ahead of AmERican music and the new stuff coming from Europe right now is changing the thinking of AmERican bands. I guess in some ways it influenced our record."

Fair comment, but how do you feel about going back to the opening act slot having already climbed the laddER to headline status Stateside? Positive response:

"Love it! LOVE IT!!! This feels like our first tour all over again for me. I love it when the pressure's off, cos it adds fuel to our fire! We can have ten feet of room and we'll still make a go of it. We can have two feet and we'll kick ass! If you don't believe you can do it, no mattER what the circumstances, then you might as well pack it in and go sell insurance! I pERsonally think this tour will be a really good combination cos their old tunes really burn and we've got a few lightER things that will probably get through to a ForeignER audience!"

And do you sincERely believe, Kelly, that '7 Wishes' is hot enough to capitalise on the ample opportunity that Night RangER have been given to show their worth?

"Oh yeah, I feel really confident about this one. With 'Midnight Madness' last year we wERe all a little jittERry. *MCA* wERen't totally behind us and while we wERe *saying* it was a good LP, at the back of our minds we wERe thinking 'Well, we *hope* it is!' *MCA* are really behind us now and wE'Re ready to go out and burn!"

Which they recently did in Japan, leaving the mixing of '7 Wishes' to Pat GlassER. Brave men they are to do that, but after sales of two million-plus who's gonna argue with their way of working?! One thing's for sure, though, the Night RangER state of play is most definitely intriguing right now, and if any bloody 'ER' band can pull it off then put your shirt on these boys! Pleasant dreams, oh rock starlets!

KILLERWATT

RICHIE SAMBORA of BON JOVI wields the Steinberger TransTrem Guitar (reviewed opposite): 'an astonishing piece of hard-ware'

Pic Ray Palmer

Berger King

STEINBERGER TRANSTREM GL2T GUITAR RRP $2,100

I'VE ALWAYS liked feats of engineering. Like the products of the great Victorian builders, Telford and Brunel, and the giant constructions of the Romans. Engineering for guitars is a rarer application of the blacksmith's more modern art. But there is some work being done at present on the humble tremelo system that is producing some very exciting results. The *Kahler* and *Floyd Rose* tremelo systems are fairly well known to most musicians now, as they have given the player the freedom to play trem arm without the dangers of the guitar going out of tune.

Over in the USA, Ned Steinberger has also been hard at work, on the new Steinberger TransTrem system, currently available only on the *Steinberger* Guitar, but there are hopes that it will be released as a replacement part for other makes.

The simple fact is, this is an astonishing piece of hardware! Guitars are guitars in one shape or another, and real innovations are rare, but Ned's done it again. He started off with his headless bass, for which thousands of players all over the world owe Mr S. a pint! And now comes a tremelo system that lets you operate the guitar as normal, with 'normal' tremelo playing, and then . . . at the flick of the arm itself, the whole guitar changes key! This is how it's done . . .

Take a look at the tremelo system on almost any guitar. The tremelo arm enters the bridge and the bridge is balanced on a knife edge, so that when the arm goes up or down, it pulls or relaxes the strings accordingly, and thus raises or lowers the pitch. Now, imagine you had three hands, and one of them is holding down the trem arm just an inch or two. Now, when the other hands play the guitar it plays in a lower pitch.

Obvious, but very hard to do. What Ned has done is to put a locking device onto the arm itself, so that when you want to play in a low pitch, you push the arm down and then move it away from you. It then engages on a pin which 'holds' the strings in the required pitch. Great. The astonishing thing about the TransTrem is that it lets you play in three lower positions ('D', 'C' and 'B') and when you pull the arm upwards it lets you raise the pitch three steps as well ('F#', 'G' and 'A^{b}').

CONFUSED? I was, to begin with . . . I mean, a guitar that can change key?! But after a couple of days playing, it started to make sense.

I have a standard method of testing guitars (and tremelo systems too), which begins with playing straight 12 bar blues in 'E'. The three chords in the progression are 'E', 'A' and 'B'. Just to get the digits in order, I usually play it in a transposed way, such as 'B', 'E' and 'F#'.

Well, I got bored. So I pushed the tremelo arm down and engaged it on the lowest position, which is 'B' tuning. Slammed through something that sounded like a Quo outtake and then, when it came time to shift grubby appendages up the neck to the 'E' position . . . I didn't. Instead, I got hold of the trem arm and changed gear into the centre notch 'normal' 'E' tuning and carried on with the boogie . . . but with my hands still in the same fret position on the neck. The time comes around again when the riff then goes to 'F#'. No problem, kids! Wang the bar upwards a notch and you're there.

Now that might just sound like one hell of an expensive way of keeping your hands still! But it gives you a general idea of what the TransTrem is capable of. And there's more . . . like changing key for the chorus of a song . . . or you could just tune the guitar up to 'open E' and let your left hand head off for a weekend in the country or something!

One aspect of the system I hadn't bargained for is the change in the overall sound of the guitar when it is engaged in the different keys. At the lowest setting, 'B', the strings are tuned very low and the sound is a rich baritone. When this is played against a bass guitar the deepness of the tone is very powerful – especially for fast playing. At the other end of the scale the highest engaged position, 'A^{b}', sounds like a mandolin, very high and sweet or, through distortion, searingly high!

For recording, this is priceless. One of the problems with recording a guitar in harmony with itself on a multitrack is that the tone might be great when the riff is played the first time, but when you come to record the second track with the hands on a different set of frets, the tone is very different indeed, and the resulting blend of the two tracks sounds terrible. With the transposing facility available on this system, you get to play both of the riffs in the same place. So the tone stays the same, and the riffs then blend together perfectly.

BUT WHAT of the strange axe on which this trem resides? Well, I've played the headless bass that *Steinberger* offer, and I've played some really terrible copies of it, but the *Steinberger* guitar is an original. Having said that, there are certain design features that have been taken from the bass. The strings go through the headless top of the neck, and are clamped there. They run down, over the TransTrem, and then to the ball end tuning system. This removes the need for normal machine heads, since the strings are pulled by thread on a long bolt, turned by a tuning wheel at the end. The neck is incredibly slim, with 24 frets set into the carbon graphite material of which it's made. Oh yes . . . this isn't any common or garden wood, you know . . . this is a guitar made from synthetic material called carbon fibre. It is very hard, doesn't change with the temperature or humidity, and feels just heavy enough to be realistically stable when playing.

The whole thing is powered by a pair of *EMG* pickups – another new invention which is very powerful indeed, while retaining the frequency response it needs to be able to handle the TransTrem system. The carbon fibre body also sports a volume and tone control and a pickup selector. The neck pickup is suprisingly toppy and will quite merrily tear hell out of your speakers unless you watch the amp settings. Similarly, the neck pickup has the capability for really deep raunchy playing or constructive rhythm sounds. In between these two extremes is a whole world of pure tones and excellently balanced response. When you think about it, the guitar almost has to have perfectly equalised output, because you really don't need the volume going up or down just when you change the key.

Having strapped the beastie on for a few hours, I can vouch for the fact that you can get used to headless instruments very quickly – especially when they're as exciting as this! The neck is very fast and the whole demeanour of the instrument keeps you tied to it for hours. It might not look like the flashiest axe available, but it *plays* a damn sight better than some of the tarted up rubbish being touted as This Year's Model . . .

For those who want to sit and play the *Steinberger*, then Ned has also added a smart little leg rest, which fits on to the bottom of the body. It isn't all that comfortable though (it cuts the circulation off to your pins!) but it does mean you can sit down to operate the TransTrem (standing up with it can be a problem as the pulling of the trem arm can pull the whole instrument away from you.)

Other gripes . . . the notches for the 'upper' playing keys are a bit loose, so that you have to sit fairly still and careful with the guitar, as the arm can prang out of its notch and slam you back into normal tuning (very traumatic, I can assure you). But then again, this is an early model and I'm sure that the relentless mind of Ned Steinberger will pursue this idea to its perfect conclusion. Go for it, Ned!

In conclusion, I'd say that this is a brilliant bit of engineering, both the guitar and the TransTrem. It might not look authentic rock 'n' roll, but the sheer versatility of this instrument is going to make it an essential tool for serious guitar recording.

The *Steinberger* TransTrem Guitar is being handled in the UK by *Soundwave*, Unit 7, 49 Braintree Road, Witham, Essex. CM8 2BZ.

Review by TIM OAKES

SHADES

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CAROLINE THANX for the last year ½. Someone had to be the first and I'm glad it was you. Sorry it had to end. Love you forever. RUSSELL XXXX.

FEMALE 22 into HR, loves bikes. Recently moved to Berkshire (Reading area) seeking friends 21+ for pubs. gigs etc Box No. K542.

MALE 25 tall attractive biker seeks genuine female heavy metal/Thrash devotee particularly Venom view gigs friendship London K543.

QUIET, RESERVED diffident Rush fan (20) not exactly striking looks, but intelligent seeks similar lady to share ideas, thoughts, possibly meet. Wolverhampton + surround/anywhere Box No. K544.

BONJOVI MANCHESTER, girl with leopardskin jacket, white belt, cute nose; cracking legs? I've fallen for you. Help! John xxx.

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WATCH OUT Angel Witch are Screamin 'n' Bleedin in your record shop.

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SHORT

Reviewed by DAVE DICKSON

THEREZA BAZAR: 'The Big Kiss' (MCA)
Thereza used to sing with Dollar, a band I always had a lot of time for since they produced – under Trevor Horn's guiding hand – some classic pop songs. I've just been told that the once delectable Thereza is now looking like an old dog so perhaps I'll forgo the Big Kiss this time and just say this sucks a big one. So why's it in *Kerrang!?* Search me, chief.

NIGHT RANGER: 'Sentimental Street' (MCA)
It's a sad fact that the only HM songs that ever become hits are ballads. Nevertheless, NR have come up with a very pleasant MOR potential hit here. If *MCA* pull their finger out and get it some airplay who knows what might happen? Tune in to the airwaves, kids!

JESUS & MARY CHAIN: 'You Trip Me Up' (Blanco Y Negro)
If your idea of fun is attacking your nostrils with a *Black & Decker* power-drill then this is for YOU!! Nurse, the straps, and quick!!

STING: 'If You Love Somebody Set Them Free' (A&M)
Sting, I love you, I love the Police, I love practically everything you've ever recorded; why then does this strike me as being a touch vacuous? Sting adds a jazz sound to his Police/reggae roots and comes up with something that will probably be a hit just because it's Sting. Fame, you see, does have its rewards.

GERTY MOLZEN: 'Walk On The Wild Side' (10 Records)
Real Grannies play on *10,* eh? This is so genuinely appalling it's brilliant. I don't know who this old crone is but this'll go down great with the ex-patriot Nazi crowds. A hoot, a jolly wheeze and the best rendition of 'WOTWS' outside of old Uncle Lou. Buy it. B-side's even better. This'll bring back memories of the *Fuehrer,* travel *Scrabble* in the back of a Panza tank with Martin Bormann! A joy!

GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS: 'I Drink Alone' (EMI America)
Quite honestly, George, I'm not surprised.

SHE: 'Never Surrender' (Neat)
This is one of those records I know I've heard before but just can't place. She go for the American market and if *Neat* can distribute over there then it might take off . . . otherwise? Personally, I thought it was a shade tedious, but then I'm a miserable old c**t anyway.

DAVID BOWIE: 'Loving The Alien' (EMI America)
This is lush, sensitive, a desperately beautiful song. I'm listening to this at 3 o'clock in the morning, the timing is perfect, the video is great . . . what can you say? Bowie is a genius, the song is magnificent, spend your pennies wisely, invest here.

PET HATE: 'Girls Grow Up Too Fast' (FM)
If *FM Records* (a division of *Heavy Metal Records*) had any sense or money they'd send Pet Hate off to the US to make lots of spondoolies for them. Since they haven't this will probably languish on the racks and sink into obscurity. Shame; very much in the Springfield mould of pop/rock and deserving of a better deal. The Roberts brothers seem to be getting it together at last.

GARY BROOKER: 'Two Fools In Love' (Mercury)
ROY WOOD: 'Under Fire' (Legacy)
Remember Procul Harum, remember Wizzard? Bored the s**t out of me then and guess what? . . . Their ex-lead singers can still do the same for me today.

SWEET REVENGE: 'Nothing Ever Goes (The Way It's Planned)' (Revenge)
Any band that claims to be a 'sort of Hanoi Rocks with balls' are not likely to endear themselves to this humble critic. Your humble critic is not endeared, not even a cover of the Shangri Las' 'Great Big Kiss' will salvage this from its inevitable flight to the second-hand record shop.

WHITE NIGHT: 'Wild Night' (Multiform import)
It's Thrash Metal, it's Belgian, it's a load of garbage. 'F**k Off to Those Who didn't Believe In Us' it says on the back of the sleeve. Well, since you put it like that, guys, I'll just have to say, I think I like this record only slightly more than I like your country. 'Nuff said.

WAYSTED: 'Heaven Tonight' (Music For Nations)
At last, some real men's music! A bit of a lightweight rocker, though. However much I like this band Fin just isn't Phil Mogg and Mogg could've made so much of a song like this. Waysted should stick to more energetic rock until they can come up with something as good as Night Ranger's single. Not a hit but a nice try.

LYDIAN: 'Sky Is On Fire' (Cat Trax import)
PAT BENATAR: 'Shadows Of The Night' (Chrysalis)
The kind of records Ray Palmer would like me to give a good review to because both feature a girl lead singer. Lydian would like to be Pat Benatar but doesn't have the people around her to write material one iota as good as Pat's. Pat Benatar, on the other hand, is already Pat Benatar so she has no worries on that score.
Personally, I don't think plundering Pat's back-catalogue of US hits (this is from 1982's 'Get Nervous' LP) and hoping to ride on the back of 'We Belong' and the re-issued 'Love Is A Battlefield' will do much to enhance her career, especially since there are equally good songs on the current album, 'Tropico'. The back of the sleeve also claims that 'Tropico' contains both those hits . . . well, 'Love Is . . .' certainly ain't on mine, *Chrysalis!* Did anyone bother to check first? Naughty, naughty.

SWEET: 'Sweet 2th The Wigwam-Willy Mix' (Anagram)
Remember those 'Stars On 45' records that were all the rage a couple of years ago? Well, this is one of them, and done rather nicely, too. Aimed at the disco floors but a nice curio piece for real Sweet-Metal fans. A better introduction, if you're too young to remember them, is *Anagram*'s 'Sweet 16' album. Check that one out and leave this to the die-hard kollectors.

DISCHARGE: 'Ignorance' (Clay)
It has not altogether escaped my notice that not only do punks play better Thrash Metal than all the HMers but they also tend to write better lyrics. Still, it doesn't mean I like this, just thought I'd point out these minor observations to you.

RATT: 'Lay It Down' (Atlantic)
Ahh, this is more like it! Doom tells me this is the single: third track, *Side One* from the band's new album. Are you sure, Doom? I mean it's not a ballad; it's got balls and riffs and guitars and stuff like that so surely this can't be a single? Nah, don't believe it, commercial suicide, no-one'll play this on the radio! Does my friend Jayne, from *Atlantic,* know about this? Great song but . . . maybe Doom meant third track, *Side Two* . . . (*Oh no I didn't – Doc Doom*).

PHENOMENA: 'Dance With The Devil' (Bronze)
Now, at this early stage I'm not going to give too much away but just let me say this is the opening salvo for a massive project being launched by *Bronze* which *Kerrang!* will be covering in its usual restrained and reserved manner. Let me whet your appetite by dropping the names of a few people involved: Glenn Hughes, Cozy Powell, Mel Galley, Neil Murray . . . Warning: Don't miss out on this!

W.A.S.P: 'Animal (Fk Like A Beast)' (Music For Nations)**
Re-released as a big pigture disc. You can't argue with something like this. Now, I don't want to appear to be nit-picking here but are you sure a pig is the right choice of animal to illustrate Mr Lawless' imfamous bestial staying power? Surely a little bunny rabbit would have been more appropriate; after all, you know what they say about rabbits . . .

DEEP PURPLE: 'Knocking At Your Back Door' (Polydor)
Got your Knebworth tickets yet? Decent of Purple to play a gig, eh? This really sounds SO dated it's untrue. Got the album? Then you'll know just what this sounds like. Far more interesting was that story about Ritchie refusing to have his photo taken with the rest of the band until Messrs Lord and Gillan had been despatched to a health farm to fight the flab. Don't they both look thin in the front cover photo?

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 46

FAN CLUBS

PERSIAN RISK fan club/merchandise. Send SAE to Kaz Jill, 133 Station Street, Loughborough, Leicestershire LE11 0EG.
THE TERRAPLANE CLUB 82 Erianger Road, London SE14 5TH. Please send SAE for details.
KRUIZER JUNE newsletter send SAE. Also available 5 track Suicide cassette £1.50 from 8 Fiddlers Lane, Saughall, Chester.
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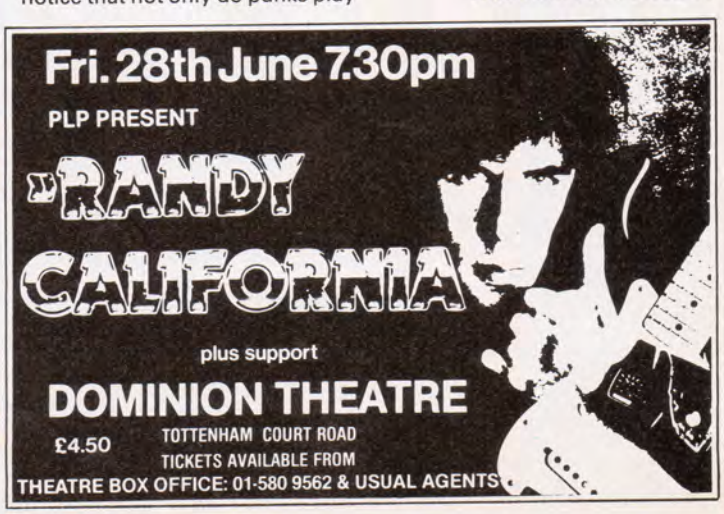
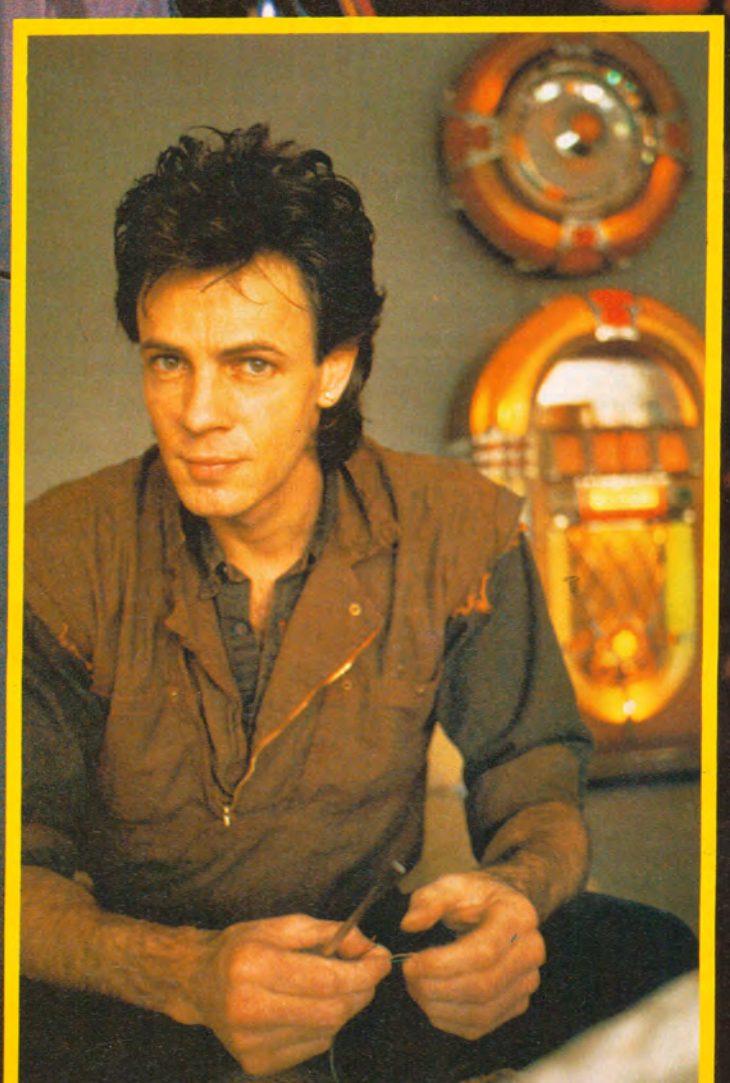


"The world is an horrific place at the moment and I'm afraid that most of the songs on 'Tao' reflect my pessimism and cynicism . . ."



TALES OF THE UNEXPECTED

MALCOLM DOME delves beneath the superficial teendream exterior of RICK SPRINGFIELD (pictured left)

LET'S DISCUSS death. . .

How long is 30 minutes? The length of an episode of 'Coronation Street'; the running tick-tock order of Van Halen's '1984' album; the time it takes to boil ten eggs or burn ten pieces of toast. . . the duration of a Rick Springfield interview.

Let's smell the scent of maturity. . .

Rick Springfield isn't a man you can get to know within the confines of 1800 seconds. He's a complex, slightly confused figure who goes intellectually far beyond the run-of-the-mill teenybop idol. Maybe because he doesn't feel happy playing this role.

"I think the entire teen bit has been detrimental to my mind. But I can't fight it, so I have to do my best to progress under these circumstances."

The fact that this interview happened at all was something of a minor miracle. Springfield hopped into the UK not for any media promotional exercise but merely (?) to play live at the Hammersmith Odeon – his first date anywhere in Europe. Interviews were ruled out for almost every magazine simply because of time restrictions. But. . . well, this man isn't just *another* pretty face and *Kerrang!* isn't just *another* glossy rag.

So. . . let's talk about death.

"My father contracted cancer and actually 'died' ten or 12 years ago. But he was fortunately revived and finally passed away only a couple of years back. So my family and I consider ourselves very lucky in a way to have had all that 'borrowed' time with him. However, it was a very painful process watching a man like that deteriorate. I don't think I've ever come properly to terms with the manner of his death; in fact I don't believe one can ever be at peace with such a thing.

"I found myself angrily wondering if there was really a God and how he could allow something so awful to happen. I suppose one of life's ultimate questions must be 'does an omnipotent figure really exist?' It's one I've so far been scared to face, but sooner or later. . ."

SPRINGFIELD SEEMED strangely serene and relieved to be given an opportunity to talk on a human level. As we delved into the death of his father (eulogised on the poignant cut 'My Father's Chair' from his superb new album 'Tao'), the man partially eased back into his chair and began to explain his motivation.

"I had the title 'My Father's Chair' written down for some eight or nine months before the actual song was composed. It wasn't easy putting my thoughts on paper, but once the number was finished I felt a great ease. It was as if a huge weight had been lifted from my shoulders. All I am trying to say to the world in the lyrics is, 'if you never met my dad, then you missed a great guy'. I loved my father and will probably never get over the manner of his departure; it certainly changed my life and perception of values."

The public Rick Springfield has always been portrayed as a shallow figure, a *matinée* idol with little between his ears and a sugar coating on his face. How wrong can you be! The private Springfield is aware, alert and erudite, he's a man with a passion for life and a caring, worried social frown on his brow.

"In America for the past year there have been a constant stream of stories about how toxic chemicals are leaking into the water supply. Our environment is being slowly poisoned and it frightens me intensely. Bill Drescher (co-producer and engineer on the 'Tao' sessions) once told me that his father worked on the roads and actually saw a fella at a filling station accidentally put paraffin instead of petrol into the tanks of a whole convoy of lorries. When he realised his error, the guy just emptied all the paraffin out on to the road!

"The world is an horrific place at the moment and I'm afraid that most of the songs on 'Tao' reflect my pessimism and cynicism. I've grown up and matured quite considerably over the past year. I see things in a different, harsher light."

TO BE honest, I feel that Springfield might be guilty of painting a superficial and slightly misleading picture of his change in attitude over the last 12 months or so. It's more a case, I'm certain, of growing confidence allowing the man to express in public opinions on society which he's long held in private. Up until now though, he's grudgingly hidden them behind the glamorous veneer of the high-powered slick marketing campaign that has brought him to our attention. After all, who wants a pin-up with a credible conscience?

"The title 'Tao' represents spiritual awakening, a loss of innocence. There is a loose concept linking all the tracks which explains to some extent why there's precious little space between the cuts. Yet, it's not all dark and brooding. The single 'Celebrate Youth' has a tinge of hope about it because there's always the chance that the spark of young ideals that exists in everyone will lead to a brighter future, assuming that no-one uses a nuclear weapon beforehand. I realise that no song can change the world, but maybe it'll make a few people sit up and think."

I've deliberately steered clear thus far of getting embroiled on the musical side because, well, you should already have purchased a copy of 'Tao' (bright innovative pop/rock music coupled to challenging verbiage – a collection of anthems for the mind) and experienced for yourself the wonders of its modernist rock approach. This is indeed a wonder of the age.

"The way I approached the album was rather like any other. I wrote the songs and then did some demos to get an idea of the best arrangements. After that I went into the studio (Village Recorder in Los Angeles). There are quite a few guests on 'Tao', but I've actually used less musicians on this set than ever before and things were certainly well organised this time around, which is unusual for me."

One person worth singling out for special praise, aside from Springfield, is female backing singer Edie Lehmann who has quite one of the most powerful, arresting voices I've heard in ages. So, just who is she?

"Oh, Edie comes from Los Angeles. She's quite a girl: very beautiful, totally wild and the possessor of a tremendous voice. Her name was given to me by Richard Page, whose an old colleague of mine. I was looking for an unknown girl singer and he suggested Edie.

"Strangely enough, one day at the studio she brought in a copy of an album I did in 1972 that was personally autographed. Apparently, Edie was working in an LA record store at that time and I'd done a personal appearance there to promote the LP in question. . . it's a small world, right?"

AT THIS moment, the interview was brought crashing to an inopportune yet scheduled halt, Springfield being ushered off to his waiting limousine whilst I ushered myself off to the nearest tube station to ruminate with the rush-hour sardines.

At the end of the day-dream, all I've been able to achieve here is an introduction to a side of Rick Springfield too often hidden from view. His is an astonishing talent fit to stand alongside the very best rock has to offer in the Eighties. Hopefully this feature has tempted you to adjust your perspective on the man and his songs but quite truthfully, the *real* Springfield is more than adequately presented through the grooves of 'Tao'.

BON ♦ JOVI

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JOHN McCOY (right) and NICKY BROOKS: 'all the early signs of greatness'

McCOY
Marquee, London

IT'S A TUESDAY night and Big John and the band are *rocking!* The *Marquee* ain't packed but the veins in it's long and hairy arm are pulsing, veritably *singing*, with the shrill heat-reflecting electric storm of McCoy at their wrong-headed best; the song is 'Freemind', and the atmosphere is thick with sweat.

McCoy in its present incarnation – John McCoy bass; new girl Nicky Brooks lead vocals; second new face, the ace Mark Keen on lead guitar; and Ron Rebel on the meat-and-bollocks drums – is only so many gigs old and must be judged in this light if fair play is to be seen to be done.

No, they have not yet captured the full and secret magic as evinced on the ever-excellent 'Think Hard' album. But hang on one *momento bambino*, after pulling face muscles and stretching my nerves to the ferocious freneticism of a McCoy gig, I am here today to testify that the future of this group McCoy can only be a long one once their technical prowess can gel as expertly and sweetly as the energy and warmth they already inject into their live performance.

They've got all the early signs of greatness – Hellishly fine material, attention to detail and much personality to boast of – but they are still (understandably) inexperienced. Nicky Brooks has a roaring pair of tonsils and a nice smile, but her actual stage presence strikes me as a little too understated; good-natured when all we want is beautiful cruelty. Good singer, though.

John McCoy, as ever, is truly wonderful and a more professional entertainer I have yet to meet. Check this band McCoy out. Their definitely worth some faith . . .

MICK WALL

MAGNUM/MULTI-STORY
Dominion Theatre, London

IT'S DIFFICULT for me to think of anything pleasant to write about Multi-Story. My initial reaction to them was one of intense dislike. I've never been much of a Yes fan so the idea of a bunch of Yes clones wearing the sort of garb more suited to Shakatak didn't exactly set my Metal heart a-flutter. As their set progressed it became obvious that here was a band with undoubted technical ability but precious little feel for their music. There was no real attempt to communicate with the audience, with only the lead vocalist showing any sign of having noticed that we even existed.

However, groups like Pink Floyd have shown that there is a market for this kind of approach to live 'performance' and Multi-Story seemed to meet with the approval of some sections of the crowd so possibly they will be successful in their endeavours. As far as I was concerned, they were one of the most tedious, yawn-inducing bands I've had to sit through in a long time.

The day Magnum can be described as tedious will be the day Slayer cover a Journey tune. I've seen them on many, many occasions and they've never failed to move me, and it was a welcome change to witness them finally breaking through to a wider audience and filling a *Dominion*-sized venue.

They might not be the most image conscious of bands but who needs image when you've just released your strongest album to date containing a wealth of undeniably excellent material. With so many fine new tunes it was only natural that the band would want to concentrate on the latest LP, but I would have preferred to have heard a few more of the older tracks. Certainly it seemed a little excessive to play virtually the whole album.

The largest cheers of the evening were reserved for traditional Magnum favourites such as 'Soldier Of The Line', 'Kingdom Of Madness', and the awe-inspiring grandeur of 'Sacred Hour', the latter featuring the welcome return of on/off keyboardist Mark Stanway, surely one of the best at his craft in rock 'n' roll today.

Of the newer songs, it seems fair to say that that majority are destined to become *bona fide* Magnum classics, in particular 'On A Storyteller's Night', the title track of the new album and also the new single. It's a beautiful, slow-building epic which attains new heights of poignancy in the live situation aided by Bob Catley's piercingly clear vocals.

Also worthy of special mention are set opener 'How Far Jerusalem' and closer 'The Last Dance', both tunes being fitting examples of Tony Clarkin's grossly underrated skill as a songwriter. And he's no mean guitarist either! He might not look like the archetypal Guitar Hero, but his relaxed style of playing blends perfectly with Catley's vocals. The extended solo at the end of 'Two Hearts' was breathtaking in its powerful simplicity. The audience could only stand and watch open-mouthed.

Visually, the band have improved considerably since their early years. These days they're looking decidedly more modern whilst performing with a new energy and vigour that belies the many set-backs in their career. Bassist Wally Lowe and Bob Catley tear frenetically about the stage and, yes, I'm almost certain that Tony Clarkin moved once . . . I think.

All in all, Magnum live is a heartwarming experience no-one should deny themselves. I hope it's not too long before I can see them again.

MAURA SUTTON

REO SPEEDWAGON
Odeon, Hammersmith

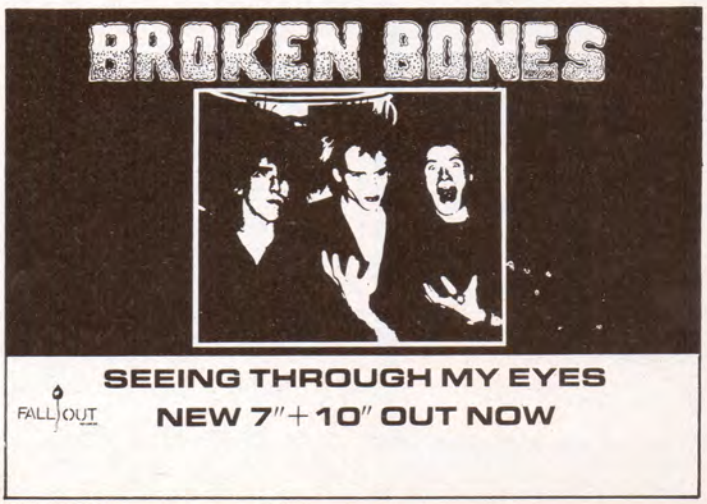
THE SECOND of REO's two nights at the *Hammersmith Odeon* was one of those rare occasions when a band wins through on the sheer strength of their musicianship, power/sensitivity balance, song quality, professional energy and unbridled stage presence. The absence of a hugely spectacular live show didn't matter a jot on this particular evening – when it comes to REO it's a case of stand up, soak the atmosphere into every pore . . . AND ENJOY!!

Playing all the hits an' more (from 'Take It On The Run' to 'Can't Fight This Feeling', 'Keep On Loving You' to 'Back On The Road' and 'Roll With The Changes' to 'One Lonely Night'), the LA-based quintet just ploughed on down the line, winning over an audience to many of whom REO were previously no more than a diffuse Yank 'supergroup'.

Forget the fact that wheelchair contenders John Entwistle and Alvin Lee were hauled out for a second encore rendition of (gaspo!) 'Johnny B. Goode', this two hour performance wasn't about gimmicks but the affirmation of REO Speedwagon as one of the few truly special live acts alive an' kicking in the mid-Eighties.

MALCOLM DOME

MORE REVIEWS OVER



FROM PAGE 39

THE FIRM
Wembley Arena, London

TOO BIG too soon! The Firm won a brace of encores and a standing ovation, but it was only after a battle against a distinct lack of atmosphere when they played at the cavernous *Wembley Arena.*

I was surprised when I heard The Firm were playing big venues like the *NEC* in Birmingham and this one so soon. Jimmy Page and Paul Rodgers have been off the scene for a long time, and the climate of rock has changed. There are fewer fans around who can afford seven quid to see a band who have only produced one album. The Firm should have played five nights at the *Marquee*, lost money and gained credibility. Let the people see the band close up – the rest will follow!

The Firm are a tight little unit with an amazing mix of talents and personalities. There may be inner tensions at work but there never was an exciting band that didn't have some sparks flying.

The Firm eschew hits by Zeppelin, Free or Bad Company and concentrate on their own songs from 'The Firm' album laced with old soul favourites like 'You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling' and 'Everybody Needs Somebody To Love'. 'The Chase' was introduced by Paul with just a hint of sarcasm as "that magic moment when the band play an instrumental".

Jimmy did quite a lot of announcing (a rarity in the old days) and while introducing Paul's 'Morning After' muttered "we're still finding our feet up here". Indeed, it wasn't until the rock blues 'Make Or Break' from the album that a cheer was raised, the opening numbers being ill-chosen to create any impact.

'Live A Dream' was a grindingly slow bore that sent everyone to sleep, but things improved with a classical guitar piece from Jimmy called 'Credo' with bassist Tony Franklin switching to keyboards. This was the first real excitement of the evening; giant mirrors were lowered above the stage, giving a good view of the top of Tony's head.

'Satisfaction Guaranteed', another cut off the album, Paul promised would be the next single. Surprisingly, the rhythm section weren't really pushing the beat on this and other numbers, and I question the wisdom of putting drummer Chris Slade on such a towering riser. When Jimmy's guitar improvisations start crossing the beat and venturing into far-out territory, eye contact becomes ever more important.

Smoke and strobe lights billowed and flickered for a rousing 'Radioactive' (which should have been the opening number). The band began to warm up and shake off its reserve as they played 'Midnight Moonlight' . . . "the first number Paul and I wrote together. If it wasn't for this number we wouldn't be here," said Jimmy sitting down to play.

Tony Franklin delivered some cutting, vicious bass guitar licks that drew a storm of applause as he steamed in for a superb solo on 'The Chase', even quoting from 'Purple Haze' as his thumb hammered the strings with amazing dexterity. Then the tempo changed and the tension built up for Jimmy's barnstorming solo.

Laser beams coned around him as the old Page magic began to assert itself. Left entirely on his own, he produced the most extraordinary noises and effects, making mysterious passes with his hand across the strings and holding his violin bow aloft like a wand as it glowed and glittered with inner radiation.

It was a remarkable exercise in guitar surrealism. The instrument seemed to take on a life and will of its own, while Jimmy danced around playing by some form of Uri Geller mind control. Never mind the forks, let's bend some string!

Chris Slade had a hard job trying to follow Jimmy with a drum solo rich in subtleties and dynamics which went over the heads of the crowd who yelled 'Get on wiv' it!' When he did get it on, the all-encompassing barrage on twin bass-drums and maze of cymbals was remarkable.

The band then trooped back for a slow, bluesy 'I Just Wanna Make Love To You' and when the tempo escalated Wembley cheered.

They encored with 'Everybody Needs Somebody', the old Solomon Burke hit played at the speed of light, then arms around each other, the Firm took its final bows.

The lessons of the UK tour with its less than full halls will be learnt, and I trust the Firm will not flinch from the fight to establish themselves. CHRIS WELCH

BON JOVI
Dominion, London

JON BON JOVI'S parents watched from one of the *Dominion Theatre* boxes while their son twisted and twirled his way through his debut London headline performance; a sight to behold, indeed, and his mother was in tears by the time the band had reached the encore of 'Get Ready'. She swelled with pride and with good reason; she had just witnessed her boy taking the great leap of faith into the abyss of rock 'n' roll stardom – from here there was no turning back!

There's nothing new about Bon Jovi – *originality* doesn't really enter into their particular equation – but, Godammit, they do what they do exceptionally well, so slick, so professional, so American. But wait!! There was an extra element built into this formula, something that was sadly missing from the equally slick, equally professional, equally American performance offered by Rick Springfield just one short week before across the other side of town

What Jon had, and probably would have preferred to do without, that Rick didn't was that essential element of DANGER, RISK, an edge, a moment of crisis when the whole show hung in the balance, something that kept us wavering on the precipice – we had EXCITEMENT, we sensed the possibilities of total collapse, we tasted the realisation of Bon Jovi And The Element Of Fear!!

And why? What made this gig just that little bit special? What gave us that element of fear? The screw ups! After Lee Aaron's gutsy but rather lack-lustre set (ignore whatever you may read elsewhere to the contrary) the volume got cranked up to full tilt, all the lights got turned on and suddenly we had the main event churning out 'Tokyo Road'. And what a man, what a mover, what a dresser! Calf-length coats would appear to be *de rigueur* apparel for the trendiest of Stateside rockers these days and if Mr Bon Jovi's effort didn't quite match up to the pure black silk affair sported by Mr Springfield he did at least show it off to good effect.

And then the most important question of the evening may well have been: who is the prettier singer, Jon Bon Jovi or Lee Aaron? But when it came to the toe-twinkling Mr Bon Jovi won hands (or rather, *feet*) down. He sashayed stage left to stage right and back again, bobbing, weaving, spinning . . . not only that but the boy sings well, too. Don't you just hate him?

And before we move onto the main attraction of the evening, a word about the musical supremos in the band. Richie Sambora is a staggeringly brilliant guitarist, hugely underrated and, thus far, remaining far too obscure for his own good – a situation that will doubtless alter in the not too distant future as Bon Jovi become, inevitably, more and more successful (I know a good thing when I see it!) And Tico Torres; drummers get a pretty rough deal from reviewers, barely mentioned if at all, but this guy thumps away like a demon and simply cannot be ignored! Just turn up the keyboard levels and we'd be away!

OK, so they've sealed and delivered 'Tokyo Road' and moved on to 'Roulette' when: Nothing! A big empty void of silence is suddenly gushing from the PA. Quite what the explanation for this wall of absolutely nothing was may remain a mystery for the rest of the band's days but I would venture to suggest that the *GLC*-imposed maximum decibel level had been well and truly overtaken and so – instant cut-out!

But did they wilt, did they falter? No, not a bit of it! The mark of a truly professional band is that they make sure the show goes on whatever. And after a brief moment of confusion Jon Bon Jovi shrugged at his audience and pleaded innocence. Back came the PA. Jon apologises and they pick up the song from Richie's guitar solo. But not for long: Pompf! There it goes again.

This is too much! Jon Bon Jovi slips off the stage for an instant and returns clutching a 12-string acoustic guitar. He doesn't know any jokes but he's damned if his evening's going to be spoilt as he strums and conducts a singalong. This is a pro at work. Brilliant! And when the PA comes back for a second showing: "No, I don't want the f**king' PA!" he cries (into the microphone, it has to be said) to roars of enthusiasm. He strums some more before deciding it's time to get on, dispensing with 'Roulette' at last.

The sound has to be adjusted and it's never quite the same again; the levels had all been blown to f**k and the sound engineer couldn't get it all back together again.

A little later they are forced to quit the stage *en masse* by order of the theatre management for even murkier reasons and after that the thing slips back into relative normality and little details like Bon Jovi not having quite enough first class material become evident, but let's not quibble; the man held the show and the audience together superbly and fully deserved the rapturous response he was afforded by the patient and receptive *Dominion* crowd.

DAVE DICKSON

KONTINUES PAGE 42

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JON·BON·JOVI

Pic Ross Halfin

FROM PAGE 40

FIONA
Stone Pony, New Jersey

LOOK, I'M a professional, OK? Hopefully, I still retain the ability and experience to put aside all personal bias and comment on any artist with an objective quill and a critical ink spot. Consequently, all talk about how 'Doom is besotted with Fiona' and 'he's completely under her spell' is irrelevant. It's the music that matters on this occasion.

Right, now I've heaved that particular statement off my chest, let's get down to the business in hand. . .

The *Stone Pony* earnt something of a legendary reputation as the venue where that obscure pub rocker Bruce Springsteen began his clamber to the peaks. It shows on the walls and in the crevices; this is blue collar country, bathed in sweat, toil and salty tears. The local populace come from miles around to drown out the mundanity of job insecurity in a (s)welter of booze 'n' rock music.

Entering the portals, local group Cities are just finishing off their short support set. They sound to me rather like an East Coast version of Legs Diamond. I'm rather impressed with the all-too brief snippet I catch, but Ross Halfin merely sneers and assails the bar maid in his inimitably virulent fashion (this man learnt etiquette at the Jack The Ripper School of Charm & Deportment). We take up rather uncomfortable positions and ride out the two hour gap before Fiona hits the stage by trying to fathom out why this place is such a rock 'n' roll attraction. Built in the shape of a fire hazard horse shoe, it's a venue specifically designed to ensure that no matter where you stand, there's no way of viewing the stage! Oh well . . .

The bar is packed solid in rush hour fashion and beginning to whoop when, finally, Fiona and her band burst onto the boards to a rousing reception. The leopardess is becoming something of a celebrity now in the US; even allowing for the fact that this is a hometown performance, she's still treated like a much-sought star by the bicep-wielding Yanks.

Her stirring set is predominantly drawn from the confines of her self-titled debut album, spiced up with new numbers like 'Heaven On My Mind', 'Keeper Of The Flame' (penned by the polydecibel passion princess and her bassist, Donnie Kisselbach) plus 'Line Of Fire' (written for her by Dick Wagner). It's this latter trio that really capture the night, proving just how much electric tension and sexual charge Fiona can generate.

Bouncing around the lilliputian stage rather like an amphetamine-injected, helium-pumped moth looking for 'the ultimate, flaming turn-on', Fiona barely stands still for longer than the time it takes to gulp down a rush of oxygen. She's in overdrive, anchored only by the firm guidance of an excellent heavily Metal backing (?) band, with drummer Joe Franco sparing no artillery in his Bonham-esque forays.

Yet everything must inevitably come back to Fiona's voice. She has the rampant depth and Boadacea aggression of all truly great female rock vocalists from Janis Joplin to Tina Turner, a threatening mesmerism capable of subjugating any male within her vast range. But she tempers this with the siren sensitivity of the sex kitten purring her loinal desires to a slavering, salivating, jean creaming audience. If classic, mid-Fifties Bardot or mid-Sixties Fonda could have transmuted their looks into voices, then this would have been the result.

Of course, Fiona still has much to learn about presentation (some of those raps . . . aaarrrggghhh!), but there's no doubting her incredible talent and tremendous potential. If ever a woman can claim to have the world desperate to lick the crumbs at her feet then Fiona is *it*.

MALCOLM DOME

TAHNEE CAIN AND TRYANGLZ
The Sasch, Los Angeles

YES, IT'S Tahnee now – sick and tired of people rhyming her christian name with her surname, the enchanting Ms Cain has decided to make things a little more obvious to help people get it right.

And the same goes for her re-emergence into the rock arena; her long gone album on *RCA* was a neat enough record but more indicative of pleasant promise than ruthless delivery, and clad in a ridiculously misleading sleeve that had C&W fans all over the world getting nasty shocks, it kept discerning rockers at arm's length.

Not that the *Sasch* club is normally the true home of discerning rockers – it's mostly full of girls called Ondrya Wilson and guys who like to do press-ups, but Tryanglz have added to that a healthy smattering of musicians, because Tahnee and her band are players' players right now – the real public will be catching on soon, though . . .

Tryanglz is a subtle but powerful North American HR outfit, as befits the heritage of its members, including Elefante guitarist Dave Amato and former Babys/Angel bassist Ricky Phillips, who team up with drummer Mugs Cain (yes, Jonathan's brother) and keyboards player John Purdell who formerly fronted local heroes Exposure and recently toured in Rick Springfield's band. The sound is mighty but neatly layered, with Purdell's deft colourations adding sparkle to the basic bite in classic North American style, and with the likes of the brutal 'Surrender' and an incandescent 'Burning In The Third Degree' the muscle factor is there in profusion.

There's a lighter side to Tahnee's material in evidence though, an exciting commercial approach that drafts in a great deal of keyboard flavouring and holds back on the guitar, notably the lilting flow of 'Fearless Lover' and an impassioned 'It Must Be You' featuring a carefully effective vocal duet between Tahnee and John. Careful's a good word, actually – the structure of the material is particularly deft, an exercise in precision for maximum effect.

But precision doesn't mean sterility, not with a vocalist like Tahnee Cain around. Tall and commanding – and impressively underdressed – Tahnee has a powerpacked voice that will shock those of you only familiar with that old *RCA* album. She's brightly melodic throughout and delivers the lighter material with a truly poignant touch, but when the band hit the gas pedal her delivery's positively venomous. Whilst the likes of Lee Aaron and Ann Boleyn are more overtly Metallic, Tahnee's coming from another direction, but you fight fire with fire, and she's clearly got the requisite vocal attack to take on all-comers.

You may look at her picture and doubt that she can do it, but there's no way Suter's telling 'porkies' and after a truly arresting performance I can vouch for the fact that Tahnee Cain has got it in aces – well, in Tryanglz actually – and success must be just around the corner. This lady is one hell of a talent, and Tryanglz is a damn fine band to boot. So there.

PAUL SUTER

LEE AARON
Camden Palace, London

UNPUBLICISED SHOWS for TV are notoriously dodgy affairs relying mostly on word of mouth to muster any sort of an audience, and the lack of profile for this particular event was

FIONA: 'there's no doubting her incredible talent and tremendous potential'

Pic Ross Halfin

TAHNEE CAIN *(pictured right with Tryanglz bassist Ricky Phillips)*: **'she's clearly got the requisite vocal attack to take on all-comers'**

exacerbated by its clash with Uriah Heep at the *Hammersmith Odeon*, for which many potential Aaron acolytes had already purchased tickets.

Nevertheless, the British debut of Lee Aaron's new line-up was a successful one, as TV viewers will be able to see in the Autumn – by which time she may well be on our shores again. Sole survivor from the old band is guitarist John Albani, who is now joined by fellow guitarist Simon Brierly and the former Hanover Fist rhythm section of bassist Chris Brockway, a former colleague of Albani's in Wrabit, and drummer Kim Hunt, who is not exactly unknown for his work with both Urgent and Zon. Far be it from me to call this a real Canadian Metal supergroup but . . .

The exciting potential of Lee Aaron unveiled at the *Marquee* and then re-emphasised at the Reading Festival in 1983 is now being converted into polished professionalism, and the reality of her talent becomes all the more evident with the strength of her new line-up behind her. Despite the meagre audience, the band's enthusiasm was unstoppable, and with the effervescent energy of Lee herself carrying the show to the back of the hall it was difficult to ignore the fact that major success is now surely only a short step away.

The set blended old classics with a substantial portion from the forthcoming album, and whilst the new material pushes pointedly forward with its commercial hooklines there's much more of an international *Metal* flavour to Lee Aaron now, taking over from the more characteristically Canadian HR shades of the 'Metal Queen' material. Think Scorpions and you begin to get the picture.

'Nightriders' from the first album was perhaps a little too pacey, with Lee having to snatch at the vocals to keep up, and much of the material from 'Metal Queen' was in harder, faster form too. The epic grandeur of 'Got To Be The One' hasn't changed much and proved to be the dramatic peak of the evening, with Lee's dynamic vocal firepower gripping and squeezing like a vice, a performance only equalled by the controlled damage of 'Steal Away Your Love', a brave song about rape which is something few other performers have dared to tackle (*what about Warfare? – Ed*), let alone tackle so successfully.

The new material is busier and more overtly Metallic, but the hooky strength of songs like 'Evil Game' and 'Rock Me All Over' (both sounding much finer live than on the current EP) and the brash 'Beat 'Em Up' suggest that the band is coming of age, and the cultured ebb and flow of 'Could Have Been Paradise' and 'Line Of Fire' sound like the commercial aces in the new deck Lee Aaron is dealing. Heavens above, even this year's obligatory throwaway 'Hot To Be Rocked' sounded pretty gripping!

The next year of Lee Aaron's career is going to be critical in terms of how much of what she deserves she's actually going to *get*. If stage performance is any arbiter she'll get the lot.

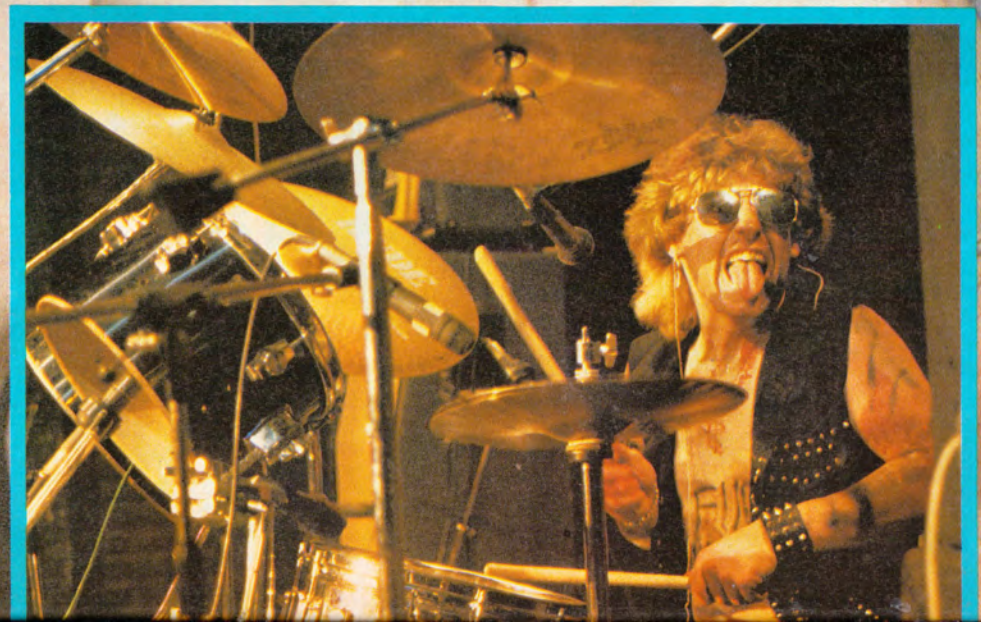
PAUL SUTER

***LEE AARON*: 'major success is now surely only a short step away'**

Pic Ross Halfin

WAR FARE

FROM LEFT: Falken, Evo and Gunner



Pix Peter Cronin

WAR PIGS

A night of horror in Holland involving XAVIER RUSSELL and the loathsome lunatic antics of WARFARE

"SO WHAT airline are we flying, Pete?" I asked sarkastikally, peering through my newly acquired *'Terminator'* shades (useful for hangovers – *and* clocking the ladies!) as I prepared for another heavy weekend.

"Well", replied Kronin, "we ain't flying that bogus *Pan-Am* Klipper Klass that Malcolm Dome finds so wonderful, we're goin' one better – *Virgin North Sea!*".

Oh Gawd, what does that mean?! I was soon to find out, for as we boarded the bus that took us out to the tarmac at Gatwick, I spotted in the distance an old *Vickers Viscount* turbo-prop plane. I automatically assumed that it was part of some open-air antique display, but as the bus drew kloser Kronin nudged me and said, "Look what we're flying in, Xavier – that old krate".

Bleedin 'ell, he was right! Were *Neat Records* (who financed this trip) trying to get rid of us? I mean, this was such an old plane!

Still, once inside, the stewardesses more than made up for the age of the plane; they left the ol' dogs on *British Airways* at the starting post! I opted for an aisle seat, for obvious lecherous reasons, while Kronin bit his fingernails nervously, staring out of the huge windows. I took time out to reassure the whippersnapper that the *Vickers Viscount*, despite its age, is still probably the safest plane in the sky and capable of the smoothest of take orfs – natch I was right on both kounts.

Well, Holland hasn't changed a bit since we were last here to kover the Aardschok Festival of '84. The land was still flat as a pancake and on the train to Eindhoven every gal was knitting – how bland can you get?!

Still, duty kalls, and here we are at the *Dynamo Klub* in wonderful downtown Eindhoven (a right ol' khazi if ever there was one). Now the *Dynamo* is even smaller than the Marquee! The local headbangers here love their Heavy Metal and they also enjoy playing a silly game kalled 'beat an eight inch nail into a piece of wood wiv a hammer'. The one who gets it in by using the least amount of hammer strikes wins. But that's more than enough of this waffle, let's get on with the show, folks!

FIRST ON were Living Death, a band from Germany I believe. Well, this lot shoulda stayed there, they were truly appalling. For starters the leather bondage gear they were wearing just looked naff and the less said about the music the better. Let's just admit that LD came across as a third-rate Accept, except that they weren't Accept-like, if yer know what I mean.

Now and again I almost spotted a katchy riff, but every time it was ruined by the singer's horrendous vocals. I couldn't take any more and had to head back to the bar to sup a few bottles of *Grolsch* – and at 30p a throw I was gonna take full advantage of the situation! (*wot a surprise! – Ed*). It was with much relief, therefore, that events moved on to the chaotik mayhem of the next band onstage – WARFARE.

I kan safely say the this trio from Newkastle are the sickest band I've ever seen; I loved every Goddamn chord they churned out.

Right from the 'off' I could tell this was gonna be a hoot coz the drummer-*cum*-lead singer Evo (who used to be with the Blood by the way) had 'F**K YOU' written across his chest, God, this band is the kitschiest thing around; they're so good it hurts!

So what if the music is fifth-rate frash, it's the *way* they play it that I admire. The trio really couldn't give a s**t what the audience thought of 'em, they just wanted to have a good time and play (if that's the right word). Gunner (guitar) and Falken (bass) just strutted the stage and looked back to their kommander Evo for advice and instruktion; after all, this was their first-ever gig – and where better to make your debut than in front of a bunch of krazed-out Dutch 'eadbangers f**ked up on the aforementioned *Grolsch*?

Warfare played what kan only be described as jet engine music of the highest order; in other words, 'noise now, music later'. Believe me, it was like watching an early Sex Pistols video, only Warfare are *twice* as vulgar and *twice* as sick. Evo even looks like Johnny Rotten, right down to the tacky mirror shades he was wearing.

But where Evo wins hands down over ol' JR is *via* his onstage antiks – for example, during the hilarious 'Blown To Bits' (available on their 'Pure Filth' debut album, by the way) Evo turned his back on the audience whilst he pissed into a pint pot. He then turned to the windmill rockers and said, "Hey, you Dutch enjoy drinking piss, here try some of mine!" And at this point he took a swig of his own piss and then threw what was left over the unsuspecting klog rockers before him!

Next up was the fast 'n' furious 'Breakout', where Gunner got so involved in his playing that his lead fell out (this was to happen another three times during their set). This pissed Evo off so much that he left his drum kit yet again to give another present to the 'billies', who were now beginning to appreciate the man's humour. However the last thing they were expecting was to have a fruit juice bottle full of pigs blood mixed up with Coke thrown over 'em; boy, was I glad I was sitting up in the lighting gantry! Poor Kronin could be spotted onstage shooting merrily away with a klothes peg attached to his rather large hooter!

A selection of delightful raps followed, including the comment, "Kan the drummer please have a drink kourtesy of the house?" followed by, "Come on Holland, let's have some Metal up your ass, coz you just don't deserve us!" It was hardly surprising, therefore, when Warfare launched into a pisstake version of Metallica's 'The Four Horsemen', This then led us into 'Rape', and it was here that bass player Falken let the sense of the occasion get the better of him. He removed his bass and then started doing a 'Ritchie Blackmore' on it, smashing the absolute s**t out of the instrument. What he shouldn't have done, however, was to throw the neck out into the audience, coz a huge fight broke out for possession of this valuable prize.

By now Warfare had triumphed and won the audience over kompletely, so it was hardly surprising to see 'em return for two well-deserved encores, the pick of the bunch being 'Limit Crescendo' – total anarchy, this one was a real scorcher. I loved it, and so did the krowd. I've got a feeling we're gonna be hearing a lot more from Warfare.

SO ON TO headliners Chariot. Now I'm one of the few folk at *Kerrang!* who actually has time for these London rockers, and although visually they weren't as exciting as Warfare, musically speaking they left 'em at the starting post. Front man/rivvum guitarist Pete Franklin is a real character with his throwaway one-liners and 'Toothbrush Klan' T-shirt, which is basically an emblem of a skull with two toothbrushes crossed through it!

They kicked off in grand style wiv 'When The Moon Shines'; London Metal at its best. Lead guitarist Scott Biaggi is quite a find. He's not a flash axepert, but when he lets go on one of his solos you can certainly feel your ears being kleaned out. However, it's on songs like 'Take Your Hands Offa Me' where Chariot really burn. Franklin's koarse vocals kinda reminded me of an English version of Danny Joe Brown.

This was easily the best Chariot gig I'd seen and the Dutch just gobbled 'em up.

Other high points included the very katchy 'Run Wiv The Pack', not to be konfused with the Bad Company song of the same monicker, while 'Screams' has a definite Maiden feel about it. During 'Warriors', from my viewpoint up in the lighting gantry, the whole club looked like a gladiators den. Kids were jumping on top of each other, but Chariot karried on rolling, loving every minute of it.

They encored with 'Vigilante', a real violent piece of mayhem, helped along by the thumping bass lines of John Smith and simple but effective skin pounding from Jeff Braithwaite, doing his best to look British by wearing a Union Jack T-shirt.

LOCAL CHART

1 THE RIGHT TO ROCK **Keel** (Vertigo)
2 STEEL THE LIGHT **Q-5** (Music For Nations)
3 THE SKULL **Trouble** (Metal Blade)
4 BONDED BY BLOOD **Exodus** (Music For Nations)
5 HELL AWAITS **Slayer** (Roadrunner)
6 RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
7 ROCK TILL YOU DROP **Raven** (Neat)
8 POSSESSED **Venom** (Neat)
9 RISING FORCE **Yngwie Malmsteen** (Polydor)
10 TROUBLE **Trouble** (Metal Blade)
11 THUNDER IN THE EAST **Loudness** (Music For Nations)
12 KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
13 BEYOND THE ASTRAL SKIES **Uli Jon Roth & Electric Sun** (EMI)
14 LAY DOWN THE LAW **Keel** (Shrapnel)
15 POWER OF THE NIGHT **Savatage** (Atlantic)
16 METAL HEART **Accept** (Portrait)
17 MARCH OF THE SAINT **Armored Saint** (Chrysalis)
18 FIGHTING FOR THE EARTH **Warrior** (10 Records)
19 VICTIM OF CHAINS **Gravestone** (Noise)
20 WITCH HUNTER **Grave Digger** (Noise)
21 METAL CHURCH **Metal Church** (Steamhammer)
22 METAL INQUISITION **Piledriver** (Cobra)
23 STAY HARD **Raven** (Atlantic)
24 READY TO STRIKE **King Kobra** (Capitol)
25 ANIMALIZE **Kiss** (Vertigo)
26 W.A.S.P. **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
27 TOOTH AND NAIL **Dokken** (Elektra)
28 THE LAST IN LINE **Dio** (Vertigo)
29 PREPARED TO STRIKE **Vyper** (Greenworld)
30 GO FOR YOUR LIFE **Mountain** (Scotti Brothers)

Compiled by radio station KCMU 90.5, *Seattle.*

Anyone wishing to have their radio playlist/local chart published should send a copy to: ***Kerrang! radio playlist/local chart, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.***

STAR CHOICE

BOB CATLEY (MAGNUM)
'PYROMANIA' Def Leppard (Vertigo)
'FRIENDS & RELATIONS VOLUME III' Hawkwind (Flicknife)
'RECKLESS' Bryan Adams (A&M)

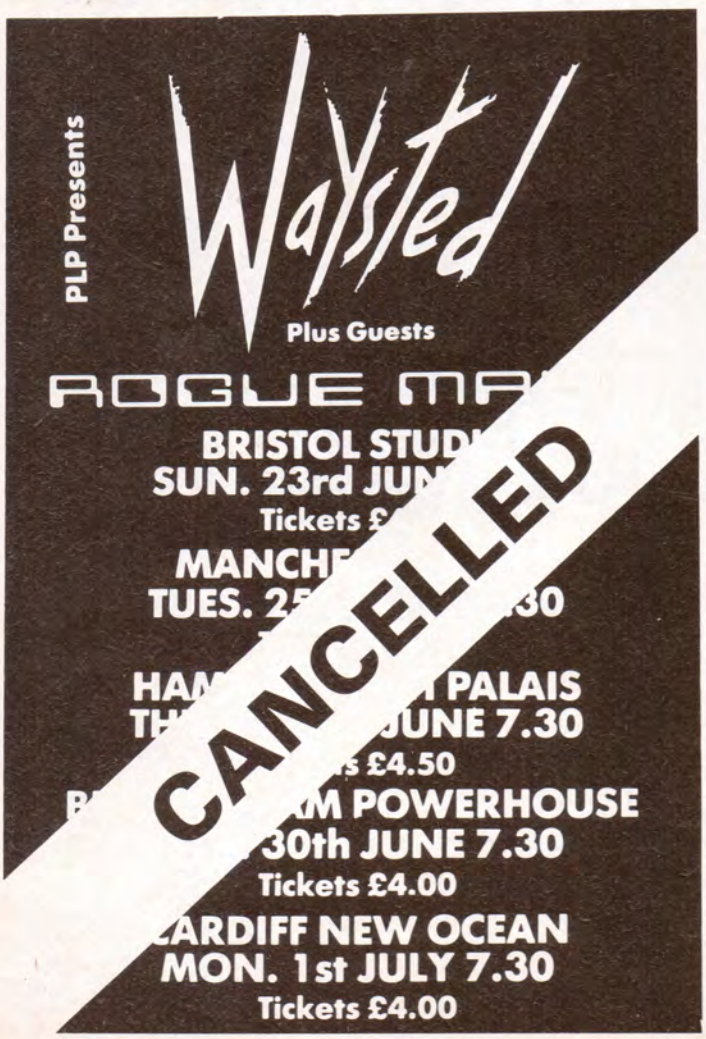
RONAN O'HANLON (LES ENFANTS)
'WAYS TO BE WILD' Lone Justice (Geffen 45)
'SAVED BY ZERO' The Fixx (MCA 45)
'DON'T COME AROUND HERE NO MORE' Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (MCA 45)

LISA DOMINIQUE (MARINO THE BAND)
'TATTOO YOU' Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
'PLAYING FOR KEEPS' Eddie Money (CBS)
'THE PHILIP LYNOTT ALBUM' Phil Lynott (Vertigo)

RICKIE MEDLOCKE (BLACKFOOT)
'BUILDING THE PERFECT BEAST' Don Henley (Geffen)
'CRAZY FROM THE HEAT' David Lee Roth (Warner Brothers)
'RUSS BALLARD' Russ Ballard (EMI America)

IMPORTS

1 7 WISHES **Night Ranger** (MCA)
2 HANOVER FIST **Hanover Fist** (Epic)
3 MADE IN HEAVEN **Jag Wire** (Target)
4 PROPHET **Prophet** (Total Experience)
5 CRIMES IN MIND **Streets** (Atlantic)
6 EVERYBODY'S CRAZY **Michael Bolton** (Columbia)
7 WE HAVE ARRIVED **Dark Angel** (Axe Killer)
8 PEOPLE WILL TALK **Donna Christy** (Phoenix)
9 WORLDS APART **Blackjack** (Polydor)
10 ROCK THE NIGHT AWAY **Sugar Creek** (Rippet)



SINGLES FROM PAGE 35

VAN HALEN: 'Hot For Teacher' (Warner Brothers)
I'll tell you something for nothing: my teachers never looked like the one on the cover of this single, no way, José! Just a classic, classic performance! Roth lets rip with the fetishes and laps it up; Eddie lets rip with the fretboard frenzy and the drum intro is out of this stratosphere, kid!! Let's all go out and buy copies of this and make them show us the video on '*TOTP*'! Listen, if I just reach down between my legs . . .

OPUS: 'Live Is Life' (Polydor)
More foreign rock. Doc Doom swears by this lot. Austrian. Recorded live (it sez 'ere). Alright in a 'Eurovision' kind of way. Still, Doom likes it, but then he likes REO Pukewagon too. It's bland, it's pleasant, but I wouldn't buy it, OK?

THE LORDS: 'Like A Virgin' (Illegal)
Yes, the Madonna smash-hit given the Lords (latterly of 'The New Church') treatment and this on a picture disc with Stiv in bridal gown, black patterned tights and open crotch shot!!!! *Zut alors,* as we French say!! All done in the best possible taste of course and totally terrific but what next? Will Madonna make Stivvy her 'Little Macaroni'? Will they ever duet this live? Or will they just talk to each other through their lawyers? All this and more in the next exciting episode!!!

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL: 'The Cow' (Situation Two)
Last year GLJ released the mind-bogglingly brilliant 'Influenza Relapse' single and this is almost as superb. Definitely for devotees of the weirder end of the music spectrum. Personally I love it and I heartily recommend it to those of you who might be familiar with the likes of the Sisters Of Mercy, the Virgin Prunes, Flesh For Lulu and their ilk. I've gotta get to see these people live. If you're out there, *Situation Two,* call me now!!

VULCAIN: 'La Dame De Fer' (Devil's Records import)
For those of you not well-versed in the French language this means 'The Iron Lady'. I like it only marginally better than White Night. These people at least have the advantage of being French and so do their lyrics, but it's still crap whichever way you look at it. Hasn't anybody got a good single for me to listen to?

ACADEMY: 'Tonight (The World Keeps Swinging)' (RCA)
ONE THE JUGGLER: 'Hours And Hours' (RCA)
TOM ROBINSON: 'Prison' (Castaway)
The answer to that question is apparently: No. Now that *RCA* have lost both Bowie AND Hall & Oates you'd think they'd be on the look-out for new talent. Academy and One The Juggler aren't it. Also I remember when Tom Robinson used to write good songs. This isn't one of them. Gimme some Metal!!

SINGLES

1	1	KAYLEIGH **Marillion** (EMI)
2	2	OUT IN THE FIELDS **Gary Moore & Phil Lynott** (10 Records)
3	—	HEAVEN **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
4	—	IN AND OUT OF LOVE **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
5	3	ONE MORE NIGHT **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
6	—	NEEDLE IN THE GROOVE **Mama's Boys** (Jive)
7	21	CELEBRATE YOUTH **Rick Springfield** (RCA)
8	5	SO FAR AWAY **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
9	4	MODERN ROMANCE **Francis Rossi & Bernard Frost** (Vertigo)
10	—	ROCK ME ALL OVER **Lee Aaron** (Roadrunner)
11	—	SECRET **Nils Lofgren** (Towerbell)
12	8	PINK AND BLACK **Robert Plant** (Es Paranza)
13	7	LIKE A VIRGIN/METHOD TO OUR MADNESS **The Lords Of The New Church** (Illegal)
14	11	HEARTLINE/DANGEROUS MUSIC **Robin George** (Bronze)
15	6	LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
16	—	ONE LONELY NIGHT **REO Speedwagon** (Epic)
17	15	THE KNIGHTMOVES EP **Pallas** (Harvest)
18	9	COVER ME **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
19	13	DON'T COME AROUND HERE NO MORE **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers** (MCA)
20	16	JUST LIKE AN ARROW **Magnum** (FM)
21	30	HOLD ON (TO YOUR LOVE) **Shy** (RCA)
22	—	POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL **Uriah Heep** (Portrait)
23	10	CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING **REO Speedwagon** (Epic)
24	12	THAT WAS YESTERDAY **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
25	14	ROCK AND ROLL GIRLS **John Fogerty** (Warner Brothers)
26	20	SOMEBODY **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
27	17	SUNSET GRILL **Don Henley** (Geffen)
28	23	FOREVER MAN **Eric Clapton** (Duck)
29	—	RUN TO YOUR LOVER **Randy California** (Vertigo)
30	19	HEART TO HEART **David Knopfler** (Making Waves)

ALBUMS

1	—	BROTHERS IN ARMS **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
2	1	NO JACKET REQUIRED **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
3	46	ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT **Magnum** (FM)
4	—	SHAKEN 'N' STIRRED **Robert Plant** (Es Paranza)
5	2	7800° FAHRENHEIT **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
6	3	BORN IN THE USA **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
7	4	THE BEST OF THE EAGLES **The Eagles** (Asylum)
8	—	BROTHER WHERE YOU BOUND **Supertramp** (A&M)
9	5	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
10	—	BRAVE THE STORM **Shy** (RCA)
11	—	TAO **Rick Springfield** (RCA)
12	8	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
13	10	AGENT PROVOCATEUR **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
14	7	SOUTHERN ACCENTS **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers** (MCA)
15	9	POWER AND PASSION **Mama's Boys** (Jive)
16	—	KILLING IS MY BUSINESS . . . & BUSINESS IS GOOD **Megadeth** (Music For Nations)
17	11	CENTERFIELD **John Fogerty** (Warner Brothers)
18	6	TROPICO **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
19	12	THE RIGHT TO ROCK **Keel** (Vertigo)
20	—	FEAR NO EVIL **Grim Reaper** (Ebony)
21	19	BEHIND THE SUN **Eric Clapton** (Duck)
22	20	HELL AWAITS **Slayer** (Roadrunner)
23	29	REAL TO REEL **Marillion** (EMI)
24	16	BUILDING THE PERFECT BEAST **Don Henley** (Geffen)
25	13	HITS OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
26	15	WHEELS ARE TURNIN' **REO Speedwagon** (Epic)
27	41	BONDED BY BLOOD **Exodus** (Music For Nations)
28	32	WELCOME TO THE METAL ZONE **Various** (Music For Nations)
29	14	DANGEROUS MUSIC **Robin George** (Bronze)
30	22	WILD ON THE RUN **Tobruk** (Parlophone)
31	48	POSSESSED **Venom** (Neat)
32	—	POWERSLAVE **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
33	—	THINK HARD **John McCoy** (Mausoleum)
34	35	THE FIRM **The Firm** (Atlantic)
35	—	PERFECT STRANGERS **Deep Purple** (Polydor)
36	21	METAL HEART **Accept** (Portrait)
37	33	FRICTION **Coney Hatch** (Vertigo)
38	18	WE RESERVE THE RIGHT **Madam X** (Jet)
39	23	BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
40	25	SHOUT AT THE DEVIL **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
41	—	FIRST VISIT **Rogue Male** (Music For Nations)
42	—	ROUGH CUTT **Rough Cutt** (Warner Brothers)
43	—	FAND SYMPHONIC TONE POEM **The Enid** (Enid)
44	17	FIGHTING FOR THE EARTH **Warrior** (10 Records)
45	—	LONG LIVE THE LOUD **Exciter** (Music For Nations)
46	40	TRASH QUEENS **Wrathchild** (Dojo)
47	24	BIRDY – MUSIC FROM THE FILM **Peter Gabriel** (Charisma)
48	—	DOUBLE PLATINUM **Kiss** (Casablanca)
49	43	SIGN IN PLEASE **Autograph** (RCA)
50	26	SLIDE IT IN (US REMIX) **Whitesnake** (Liberty)

PLAYLIST

MALCOLM 'DOC DOOM' DOME
'ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT' Magnum (FM)
'DANCE THIS WORLD AWAY' Rick Springfield with Evie Lehmann (track from the 'Tao' LP on RCA)
'IN AND OUT OF LOVE' Bon Jovi (Vertigo 12" 45 – alright Jon?)

GEOFF 'BIG BOY' BARTON
'BROTHERS IN ARMS' Dire Straits (Vertigo)
'KAYLEIGH' Marillion (EMI 45)
'WELCOME TO THE METAL ZONE' Various (Music For Nations)

XAVIER 'BOURBON BARON' RUSSELL
'STEVIE'S VENGEANCE' Savage (track from the 'Hyperactive' LP on Zebra)
'TAROT DEALER' Malice (track from the 'In The Beginning' LP on Atlantic import)
'YOU'RE IN LOVE' Ratt (track from the 'Invasion Of Your Privacy' LP on Atlantic)

DANTE 'BISHOP' BONUTTO
'AUDIO VIDEO' Frehley's Comet (demo track)
'7 WISHES' Night Ranger (MCA)
'DEEP FREEZE' Deep Freeze (demo)

KOMING ATTRAKTIONS

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LADY Killers

JACKIE BODIMEAD

Pic Joe Bangay

WELL HERE she is, my ex-darts partner from She (the band) daze past . . . Jackie Bodimead.

Young Jacks has now put the She era well behind her and is firmly ensconsed as lead vocalist in the spandex-clad (sigh) ranks of Girlschool. The band will be putting out their latest studio album in the US during July on the *Mercury* label. Produced by Nick Tauber at Battery Studios in London, it's titled 'Running Wild' and has the following track listing:

Side One: 'Let Me Go', 'Nowhere To Run', 'Do Ya Love Me' (originally recorded by Kiss and also covered by Girl), 'Running Wild' and 'Are You Ready?'.

Side Two: 'Nasty, Nasty', 'Something For Nothing', 'I Want You Back', 'Love Is A Lie' and 'We Want Rock 'N' Roll'.

Two cuts, *viz* 'Let Me Go' and 'Running Wild', have been re-mixed by Neil Kernon; both are earmarked for possible singles release.

As yet there's no news on the UK front. However, the band hope to have product in the shops by late July.

On the touring side, Girlschool play the following dates during June/July: York University June 21, Cheltenham Race Course 29, Croydon Underground July 2, Camden Dingwalls 3. The quintet then head back to the States for another bout of touring.

MALCOLM DOME